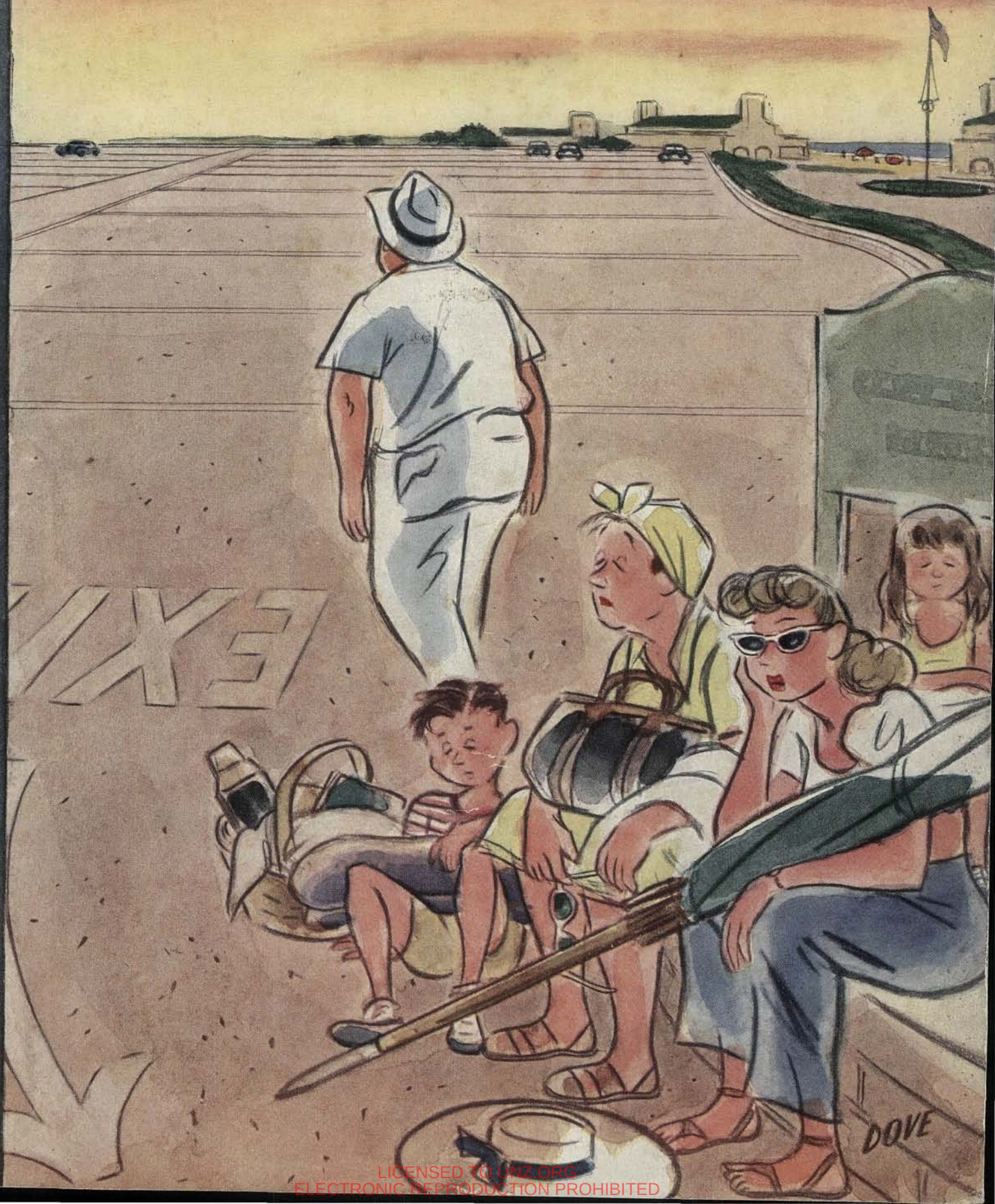


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinee schedules, because of Labor Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE COCKTAIL PARTY—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Now with Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips, as well as Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Sept. 4, at 8:35. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinee Monday, Sept. 4.)

THE HAPPY TIME—A comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinee Monday, Sept. 4.)

THE LIVE WIRE—Garson Kanin's new comedy, something about a group of actors in a Quonset hut, has occasional moments of roughhouse wit, but it is a big disappointment on the whole. Scott McKay, Sheila Bond, Elspeth Eric, Jack Gilford, and Murvyn Vye are in the large cast. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, Sept. 4.)

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING—Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously moving as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and eight-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PETER PAN—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE WISTERIA TREES—Helen Hayes is lovely and compelling in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Walter Abel, Bruce Gordon, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—DEATH OF A SALESMAN: The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Robert Simon is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Monday, Sept. 4, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinee and evening performances Sunday, Sept. 3.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Sept. 4.)

MUSICALS

THE CONSUL—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Patricia Neway (or Bruni Falcon), Gloria Lane, and Lydia Summers. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Sept. 4.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MICHAEL TODD'S PEEP SHOW—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark

directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and the cast includes Lina Romay. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Sept. 4.)

TICKETS, PLEASE!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Sept. 4.)

LONG RUNS—KISS ME, KATE: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Sept. 4.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **TEXAS, LI'L DARLIN':** A satire on *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, with Kenny Delmar, Betty Jane Watson, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, Sept. 4. Closing tentatively set for Saturday, Sept. 9.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger's version of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Monday, Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9.)

MISCELLANY

THE MEDIUM AND THE TELEPHONE—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing—the last one this season—of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

ABINGDON—Thursday, Aug. 31: "The Vinegar Tree." Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2: "The Male Animal." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9 (final performances of the season): "The Comedy of Errors." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:15. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.)

BEVERLY—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): Mia Slavenska and her company in a program of excerpts from four ballets. (North Shore Playhouse, Beverly, Mass. Nightly at 8:45.)

CAPE MAY—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: Edward Arnold in "Apple of His Eye." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly at 8:45. Matinee Saturday at 3.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "The Man." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Thursday at 2:30.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Fumed Oak" and "The Respectful Prostitute." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly at 8:40.)

COONAMESSETT—Through Sunday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): Hildegard in

	Page
BOOKS	61
THE CURRENT CINEMA	58
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	52
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
CONCERT RECORDS	56
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	42
ON THE COURTS	51
THE RACE TRACK	37

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a song-and-piano recital. (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

DANBURY—Through Sunday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "The Desert Song." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Nightly at 8:30.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): Francis Lederer in "The Silver Whistle." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Friday at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): Fay Bainter and Ian Keith in "Nothing Serious," a new comedy by P. G. Wodehouse. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly at 8:45.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9: "Petticoat Fever." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:20.)

GUILFORD—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Private Lives." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly at 8:40. Matinee Friday at 2:40.)

HYANNIS—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Show Boat." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, Sept. 3: "The Chocolate Soldier." Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 5-10: "Good News." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays at 2:30.)

MARBLEHEAD—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): Joan Blondell in "Happy Birthday." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly at 8:40.)

MATUNUCK—Through Monday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Jane and Betty Kean in "For Love or Money." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30.)

MILLBURN—"Apple Blossoms." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: "The Vicious Circle," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOUNT KISCO—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9 (final performances of the season): "Finian's Rainbow." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:30.)

MOYLAN—Thursday, Aug. 31: "Nathan the Wise." Friday, Sept. 1: "Thunder on the Left." Saturday, Sept. 2: "Uncle Vanya." Monday, Sept. 4: "The Cherry Orchard." Wednesday, Sept. 6: "Skipper Next to God." Thursday and Friday, Sept. 7-8: "Nathan the Wise." Saturday, Sept. 9: "The Quick and the Dead." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Evenings at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: Ilka Chase in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9: Brian Aherne in "Dear Brutus." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEWPORT—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: "The Velvet Glove." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9 (final performances of the season): "This Thing Called Love." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: Jean Parker in "Light Up the Sky." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9 (final performances of the season): Edward Everett Horton in "My French Wife," a new play. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Fridays at 2:30.)

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OLNEY—Through Sunday, Sept. 3: Judith Evelyn in "Angel Street." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 5-10: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "On the Town." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly at 8:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Monday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "The Snob." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: "A Goose for the Gander." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9: "Separate Rooms." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN BRANCH—Through Monday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "Lady in the Dark." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9 (final performances of the season): "Smilin' Through." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: J. Edward Bromberg and Fritz Scheff in "My Fiddle's Got Three Strings," a new play by Arnold Schulman. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 4-9: Zachary Scott in "Blind Alley." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Saturday, Sept. 2: Leo G. Carroll in "Once an Actor," a new play by Rosemary Casey. Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 5-10 (final performances of the season): "Façade," a new play. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Evenings at 8:45. Matinees Thursdays and Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:45.)

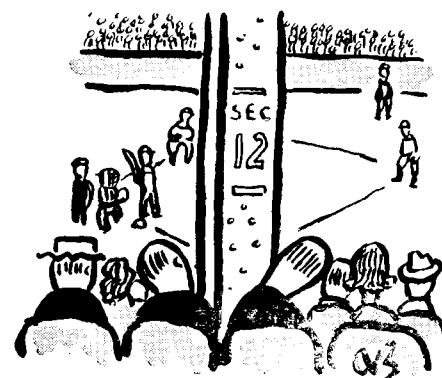
NOTE—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2 (final performances of the season): Anna Istomina, Leon Danielien, La Meri and her company, and the Theatre Dance Group. (Lee, Mass. Performances at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, Jules Lande's



band plays for dancing in the basement Garden, a summery spot where you can be absolutely sure of never getting sunburned.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Xavier Cugat, the Mexican Paul Whiteman, lets loose a freshest of dance music on this mountain plateau from dinner-time on every night but Sunday.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra operates at cocktail time "under the clock," except Sundays, and during dinner, except Saturdays and Sundays, on the Cascade Roof, where Dr. Sydney Ross indulges in some light-fingered work with a pack of cards. No dancing anywhere.

BOSSERT, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—A romantic view of hot and dusty New York from the rim of the Marine Roof, where dinner begins at six and life (egged on by Bob Collum's dance orchestra) at nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—There's a lot of room noise in this Village cave, but it is often possible to hear Gigi Durston, an absorbing bit of sculpture, sing and Will Jordan, a handy young mimic, mimic. Stuff Smith's band is mostly overpowering. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist. Dancing.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, in which Walter Dere Wahl's mock acrobatics, the Rigoletto Brothers' mock prizefight, W. C. Handy's true-blue trumpeting, and Harry Armstrong's honest singing stand out as the principal good deeds. Other distinguished veterans—Noble Sissle and Billy Banks—are involved with the dance music.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8760)—Perhaps the most prominent dude ranch east of Cheyenne. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Closed Sunday and Monday, Sept. 3-4.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The major hot-weather Chef's Special in the Terrace Room is the ice show, compounded of many traditional ingredients. It also offers Jean Arlen and a couple of other young ladies particularly designed for gym suits. Bernie Cummins' band provides well-tempered dance music. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out now and then. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth performs every day for cocktail dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre, where Bernice Byres sings and Pancho Pistolas plays guitar from six on.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a midsummer night's dream of a hideaway, is full of Maximilian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays and Monday, Sept. 4. . . . The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's cocktail-hour music. No dancing. Closed Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell and his band, who are having a holiday with strings. Closed Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, a resplendent and fashionable resort with an enviable record of good weather, has mannerly dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz, who ride their moving platforms with the grace of Hawaiian surfboarders. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jan Garber and his band are in the Café Rouge, where they provide dinner and supper dance music. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Local boys and girls making good in rather noticeable fashion. Suzy Mulligan sings; Payson Re's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dancing-on-the-green under God's great big old heaven, to the music



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of a couple of small bands and a hidden choir of taxi horns.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A completely modernized pleasure dome, roomy enough for a medium-size foxhunt and echoing pleasantly to the music of Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. The dinner and supper song recitals of Bernice Parks are not quite as up to date.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Tuesday, Sept. 5. Fran Warren, who sounds just as good as her records and looks twice as good. Griff Williams' and Mischa Borr's bands do the dance music. The next night, the orchestra of Vaughn Monroe, the Voice of Doom, will bow in. The Borr band, which is the only diversion on Sundays, stays on.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): On Tuesday, Sept. 5, Cy Walter, dean of Manhattan's piano professors, returns to his native habitat. This season, his piano will begin at eight-thirty, and he won't be around Sundays. ... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose face has launched a thousand debutantes, holds forth here after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from Park Avenue elbow to elbow. Except Sundays, Felix Romaine's table-side string music from eight-thirty on; Ernie Warren's trio is onstage after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano. ... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Monday, Sept. 4. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Through Monday, Sept. 4. Jack Kerr, a personable tenor, and Marion Paige, a brand-new soprano. The following evening, Simone Dolphen, whose French circus act includes partly swallowing a piano, will return. Harold Fonyville and Bob Downey are back again at their tandem pianofortes, and Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. Sunday is old-movie night. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. ... **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the wheel school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4. ... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4750): Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and other modernist composers, is in her parlor, upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist. Closed Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2-3. ... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual bar and terrace, where Spivy, starting around midnight, does a batch of her single-entendre ditties. Herbert Kingsley, the house pianist, also gets into her act. Closed Sundays. ... **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, the chipper little Londoner, starts playing piano toward the end of dinner. Closed Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4. ... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 5, with Jimmie Daniels and his loyal mates—the blues-shouting Mae Barnes, the singing pianist Xorene Tate, and the clowning pianist Garland Wilson—putting on their variety show at ten-thirty and doing (as the spirit moves) solos, duets, trios, and quartets. Alice Ghostley and G. Wood will contribute a batch of their own funny sayings. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFE**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from six to twelve, except Sundays. ... **CAFE MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Reopens for the season on Tuesday, Sept. 5, with the same bill of fare—piano music from six to nine Monday through Friday, and Bernie Dolen's dance music between the same hours on Saturday and Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Through Wednesday, Sept. 6, Betty Reilly,

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a fairly large dash of pepper, will sing every night, surrounded by all sorts of pagan revels. Next evening, Joe E. Lewis, the leader of this famous underground movement, will resume his portfolio (his is stuffed with gags) and Carol Bruce, a pretty child, will start prancing. Customer prancing, too. ... **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The well-known Billy Daniels, who delivers his love songs in Holy Roller style, plus Jack Cole and his ballet troupe, whose earnest thinking would be audible almost anywhere but in this hustling ballpark. Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the revolving bandstand.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Through Wednesday, Sept. 6. Eadie and Rack's deft piano duets. Next evening, a new supper show, involving Meg Mundy, a most decorative soprano addition to night life, as well as the Weavers, those *dégagé* singers of ten thousand folk songs, and Tony and Eddie, those rowdy transvestite humorists. Closed Sundays. ... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): On Wednesday, Sept. 6, Julius Monk returns to town with two of his old faithfuls (Michael Brown, inventor of Surrealist ballads, and the Four Lads, singers of jump ballads) and two new followers (Shirl Conway, imported from London to do her torch songs, and the Deuces Wild, a pair of funnymen). Norman Paris and crew will be on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Reopens Friday, Sept. 8, to celebrate the return to night life of Richard Dyer-Bennett, the eminent troubadour. Two young ladies—a humorist named Charlotte Rae and a West Indian singer named Marie Young—will make their debuts, and Clarence Williams' trio will again turn out the dance music. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8630): Deep-breathing exercises by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Ralph Sutton, and sometimes even Mr. Condon, the world's least famous athlete. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is at work here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-0600): A new band, Dixieland in mood, made up of Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, among others. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays, except Sept. 3. Dancing. ...



BOP CITY, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): The music here is all by such celebrated non-bopists as Benny Morton (who has Big Sid Catlett, Rex Stewart, Buster Bailey, and Billy Kyle for ammunition) and Gene Krupa's big road-show band. Closed Mondays. ... **PARK SHERATON**, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): In the Mermaid Room, after six-thirty, the protean Joe Bushkin, sitting on a flagpole over a huge bar, plays fine piano, talks his way through an occasional lyric, and flips a few high-powered gags at the customers. No music Sundays. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A fine new trio (Oscar Pettiford, Billy Taylor, and Jo Jones), plus Stan Getz's group and Charlie Parker's stringed beboppers. Jam sessions Mondays. ... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday shivarees are still going on. On Sept. 1, there'll be a hot time when the bands of Wild Bill Davison (Red Allen, Vic Dickenson, Edmond Hall, George Wettling, and Frank Signorelli) and Oran Page (Sidney de Paris, James P. Johnson, Freddie Moore, John Kirby, and Omer Simeon) match muscles. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, employing (on Sept. 1) Fletcher Henderson, Wilbur de Paris, Willie the Lion Smith, Kansas Fields, Eddie Barefield, Gene Sedric, and Sol Yaged. Dancing.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—**CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra; closed Mondays, except Sept. 4. ... **BOWDEN SQUARE**, Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Tuesday, Sept. 5. ... **DINNER**—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE**, L.I.: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. ... **CLOSTER**, N.J.: Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays, except Sept. 4, and Tuesday, Sept. 5. ... **COLD SPRING HARBOR**, L.I.: Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). ... **CONGERS**, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays, except Sept. 4. ... **CROTON FALLS**, N.Y.: Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays. ... **DANBURY**, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays, except Sept. 4. ... **DOVER PLAINS**, N.Y.: Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). ... **EAST HAMPTON**, L.I.: Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). ... **EAST NORWICH**, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). ... **FISHKILL**, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). ... **GERTRUDE HART'S** (Beacon 979). ... **GARRISON**, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. ... **GLENWOOD LANDING**, L.I.: Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Tuesday, Sept. 5. ... **HAMPTON BAYS**, L.I.: Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays. ... **Canoe Place Inn** (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. ... **HARTSDALE**, N.Y.: Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). ... **LAKE SUCCESS**, L.I.: Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. ... **NEW HOPE**, PA.: Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). ... **NORWALK**, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). ... **Stirrup-Cup** (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. ... **Jolly Fisherman** (Norwalk 8-3246). ... **PORT WASHINGTON**, L.I.: Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano after ten, except Tuesdays. ... **POUND RIDGE**, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays, except Sept. 4, and Tuesday, Sept. 5. ... **RIDGEFIELD**, CONN.: Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). ... **Stonehenge** (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano. ... **Fox Hill**, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870). ... **ROSLYN**, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. ... **SMITHTOWN**, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. ... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON**, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays, except Sept. 4. ... **SYOSSET**, L.I.: Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays, except Sept. 4. ... **Villa Victor** (Syosset 6-1706). ... **TARRYTOWN**, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. ... **WAPPINGERS FALLS**, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. ... **WESTBURY**, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). ... **WESTPORT**, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). ... **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS**, N.Y.: Croton Heights Inn

(Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays, except Sept. 4, and Tuesday, Sept. 5.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays, and will be closed Monday, Sept. 4.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings by George Grosz, Doris Lee, Fletcher Martin, and others; through Sept. 1. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 8. . . . **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.: Prints by Stanley William Hayter, Karl Schrag, Seong Moy, and others; through Sept. 2. Open Saturday, 9 to 1:30. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings by the gallery's group, including William Baziot, Robert Motherwell, and Adolph Gottlieb; through Sept. 1. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, among them John Sloan and William Kienbusch, in a showing of oils; through Sept. 16. . . . **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: The third part of this gallery's seasonal retrospective, with works by Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, José de Rivera, and others; through Sept. 15. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1. . . . **WELLONS**, 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30. Open Saturdays and Monday, Sept. 4.

LANDSCAPES—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 8.)

PRINTS—An exhibition spanning the past half century. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Dec. 5. Open Monday, Sept. 4.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 29.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Sept. 4, from 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Sept. 4, from 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

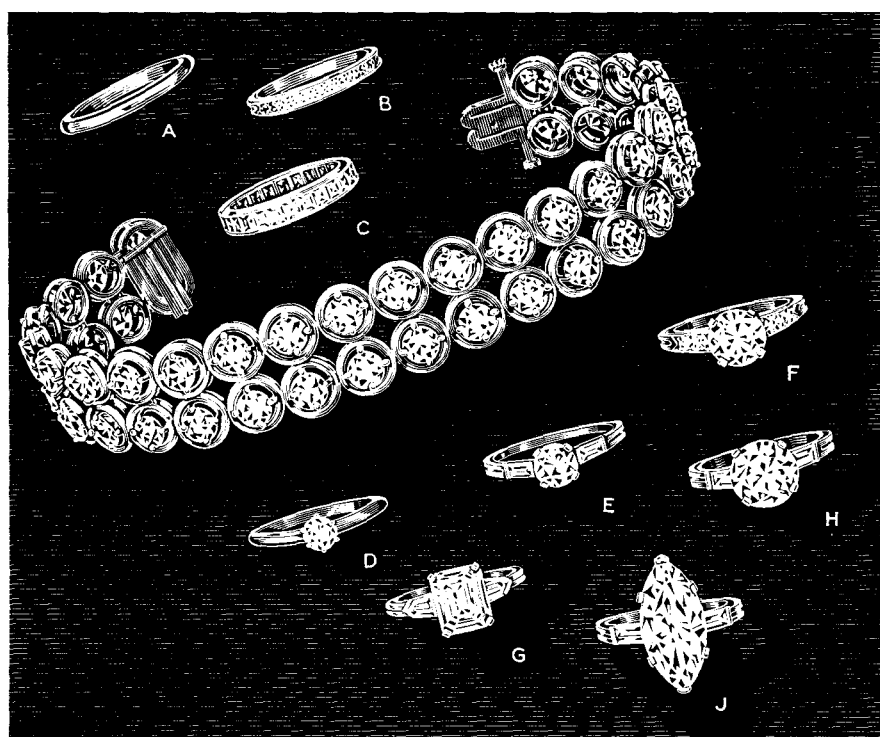
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display of works from the Museum's collection; through Oct. 15. . . . In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Monday, Sept. 4, from 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Oct. 13.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Student work from a number of art schools and universities throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 24. . . . **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire Art Center: John Marin, William Thon, Julian Levi, and others. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4. . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: Twelfth annual exhibition by members. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4. . . . **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: A group showing by local artists. Daily, 1 to 5; through Sept. 10. . . . **GLOUCESTER, MASS.** North Shore Arts Associa-

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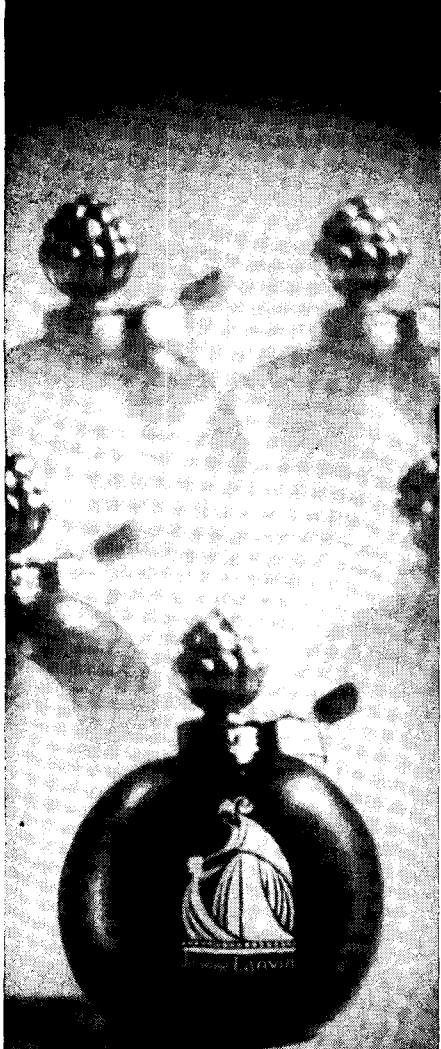
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion: Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Anthony Thieme, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 17. . . . **HYANNIS, MASS.** Cape Cod Art Association: Elliott Orr, Xavier Gonzalez, and others. Daily, 10 to noon, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10; through Sept. 9. . . . **KENT, CONN.** Kent Art Association: Twenty-second annual display of members' work. Daily, 2 to 6; through Sept. 4. . . . **MANCHESTER, VT.** Southern Vermont Artists: A group exhibition that includes work by Reginald Marsh, Ogden Pleissner, and Norman Rockwell, as well as by a number of children. Daily, 2 to 9; through Sept. 4. . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sunday, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 3. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: The Guild's first regional showing. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6; through Sept. 17. . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Thirtieth annual exhibition of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sunday, 1 to 5:30; through Sept. 4. . . . **OLD LYME, CONN.** Lyme Art Association: Eighteenth annual fall show. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; through Sept. 17. . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: French and American moderns, including Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and André Lansky. Daily, 10 to 10; through Sept. 4. . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Stow Wengenroth, Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 6; through Sept. 17. . . . **SALISBURY, CONN.** George Baer Gallery: Paintings by "The Eight," among whom are Luks, Prendergast, and Sloan, along with work by such younger artists as Karl Schrag and William Kienbusch. Weekdays, except Monday, Sept. 4, 10 to 5; through Sept. 5. . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Museum: Local professional artists. Mondays, 2 to 5; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 3 to 5; through Sept. 10.

MUSIC

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Playing at the Roxy Theatre, where Dimitri Mitropoulos will conduct programs of about forty minutes each between motion-picture showings for two weeks, starting Friday, Sept. 1. Eileen Farrell, soprano, will also appear. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th St. CI 7-6000.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 6: "Madame Butterfly." . . . Thursday, Sept. 7: "Tosca." . . . Friday, Sept. 8: "La Bohème." . . . Saturday, Sept. 9: "La Traviata." . . . Sunday, Sept. 10: "Aida." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Evenings at 8:30.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERT—Naumburg Memorial Concert, Walter DuCloux conducting, with Samuel Gallu, tenor. (Monday, Sept. 4, at 8:15.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Aug. 31, at 2:30. . . . Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, Sept. 1, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 2, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 3, at 2:05. . . . Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Monday, Sept. 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Boston, Thursday, Aug. 31, at 8:30. . . . Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, Sept. 1, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 2, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 3, at 2:05. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 8:30. and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 7-8, at 1:30. . . . Giants vs. Dodgers, Saturday, Sept. 9, at 1:30.

BOXING—Willie Pep vs. Sandy Saddler, 15 rounds, for the World Featherweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium, Friday, Sept. 8. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HORSE SHOW—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4.) . . . North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 7-9.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—**BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams; for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. (Polo Grounds. Thursday, Sept. 7, at 8:30.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Sept. 16. The Bay Shore

Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 2; the Aqueduct Handicap, Monday, Sept. 4; and the Edgemere, Saturday, Sept. 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays, except Sept. 4, through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays and Monday, Sept. 4, between 10:45 and 1:25.)

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Monday, Sept. 4. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Wall St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 6-10.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The August show is called "A Trip to the Moon." Starting Friday, Sept. 1, there will be a new show, "Autumn Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays, except Sept. 4, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Sept. 4, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Media: Sails Friday, Sept. 1, at 3:30 P.M. . . . Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Friday, Sept. 1; sails Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 4 P.M. . . . Mauretania: Arrives Tuesday, Sept. 5; sails Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 3:30 P.M. . . . Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Tuesday, Sept. 5; sails Wednesday, Sept. 6, at midnight. . . . America: Arrives Wednesday, Sept. 6; sails Saturday, Sept. 9, at noon. . . . Washington: Arrives Friday, Sept. 8. . . . De Grasse: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 9. . . . Caronia: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 9. . . . Parthia: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Sept. 10-21, Sept. 27-28, and Sept. 30-Oct. 1. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Sept. 12-21, and Sept. 25-Oct. 1. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Sept. 23-26. . . . **WORLD SERIES**: First week in October.

BOXING—Paddy Young vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Sept. 15.) . . . Joe Louis vs. Ezard Charles, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium, Sept. 27.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 23**: Lafayette vs. Fordham, at Easton; Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse; Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 30**: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point; Columbia vs. Hobart, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Lafayette, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover; Maryland vs. Navy, at College Park; Pennsylvania vs. Virginia, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Williams, at Princeton; Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 7**: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point; Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge; Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester; Michigan vs. Dartmouth, at Ann Arbor; Navy vs. Northwestern, at Baltimore; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Syracuse vs. Cornell, at Syracuse; Yale vs. Fordham, at New Haven. . . . **FRIDAY, OCT. 13**: Boston College vs. Fordham, at Boston. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 14**: Army vs. Michigan, at Yankee Stadium; Brooklyn College vs. N.Y.U., at Ebbets Field; Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton; Har-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Navy, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Temple, at New Brunswick; Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven.

DOG SHOWS—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye, Sept. 10.) ... Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, Sept. 24.) ... Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 7.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City, Sept. 19-21.)

HORSE SHOWS—Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sept. 10.) ... Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Sept. 14-16.) ... Wilmington Horse Show. (Wilmington, Del. Sept. 22-24.) ... Chester County-Bryn Mawr Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 28-30.) ... Dutchess County Horse Show. (Poughkeepsie, Oct. 8.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Sept. 23.) ... Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 4-7.) ... Whittemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Oct. 14.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Harwood's Trophy. (Around Manhattan Island, Sept. 10.) ... President's Cup Power Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 16-17.)

POLO—At Meadow Brook Club, Westbury; for the benefit of the *Daily Mirror* Youth Welfare Fund: National Open Championship, Sept. 10, 17, and 24. ... Monty Waterbury Memorial Tournament, Oct. 1.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yanks vs. Detroit Lions, Sept. 29. ... Yanks vs. Green Bay Packers, Oct. 8. ... Yanks vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, Oct. 12. ... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Oct. 15.

RACING—Belmont Park, Sept. 18-Oct. 9. The Futurity, Sept. 30. ... United Hunts, at Belmont Park, Oct. 10-11. ... Jamaica, Oct. 12-18.

TROTTING—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs, Sept. 11-Oct. 14. ... Yonkers Raceway, Sept. 25-Oct. 28.

BALLET—Sadler's Wells Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 10-Oct. 1. ... Ballets de Paris, at the Century Theatre, Oct. 2-30.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A comedy by James Bridie, "Daphne Laureola," with Dame Edith Evans and Cecil Parker heading an all-English cast. ... "Southern Exposure," a comedy by Owen Crump, directed by Margo Jones, with Cameron Mitchell. ... Flora Robson in a British play, "Black Chiffon," by Leslie Storm. ... Wolcott Gibbs' comedy "Season in the Sun." The cast, directed by Burgess Meredith, will include Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, and Anthony Ross. ... Celeste Holm and Reginald Owen in a romantic comedy by Louis Verneuil, "Affairs of State." ... "Pardon Our French," a new Olsen and Johnson revue, with music by Victor Young and lyrics by Edward Heyman. ... Aldous Huxley's play "The Gioconda Smile," with Basil Rathbone and Valerie Taylor. ... Ethel Merman and Paul Lukas in a new musical, "Call Me Madam," by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, with music by Irving Berlin. ... A play by John Patrick, "The Curious Savage," Patricia Collinge will lead the cast. ... Ethel Griffies, Marsha Hunt, and Tom Helmore in "Legend of Sarah," a comedy by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau.

MUSIC—Opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, at Carnegie Hall, Oct. 12. ... New York City Opera Company, at the New York City Center, Sept. 21-Nov. 12.

OTHER DATES—Mincola Fair, Sept. 12-16. ... Quarterly federal income-tax payments due Sept. 15. ... United Nations General Assembly convenes at Flushing Meadow, Sept. 19. ... Daylight Saving Time ends Sept. 24. ... Total eclipse of the moon, Sept. 25. ... Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 27-Oct. 22. ... Ruth St. Denis, at Carnegie Hall, Sept. 29.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—The Irving Berlin musical, translated with considerable fidelity to the screen. Betty Hutton's performance isn't up to that of Ethel Merman in the stage version, but the rest of the cast, which includes Howard Keel, J. Carol Naish, Keenan Wynn, and Louis Calhern, do as well as anybody could expect. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Sept. 5.)

THE FALLEN IDOL—A British picture, as good as they come, about a small boy who gets involved in a highly complex adult world of policemen, a shrewish woman, and violent death. From a short story by Graham Greene, and with Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 31. . . . Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Sept. 5, Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

THE LAWLESS—Interracial relations, this time in California, with Mexican immigrants serving as a minority. A brisk, exciting melodrama with Macdonald Carey, Gail Russell, and Lalo Rios. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Sept. 6.)

NO WAY OUT—There are moments when this story of a young Negro doctor and his battle against prejudice becomes too overwrought, but on the whole it is a mature and thoughtful probing of a cancerous subject. With Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier, and Linda Darnell. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD—There's a good deal more heat than light in this gaudy attempt to relate the tribulations of an old cinema star who wants to get back into pictures. Gloria Swanson, Erich von Stroheim, and William Holden struggle valiantly and skillfully, but the script gets them all in the end. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

THE THIRD MAN—Orson Welles, as a racketeer in postwar Vienna, being pursued all over the city by Joseph Cotten and several squads of cops. Directed by Carol Reed from a Graham Greene script, the film works up some taut scenes now and then. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Sept. 2.)

THREE LITTLE WORDS—An old-fashioned, extremely pleasant musical biography, relating, this time, the life stories of songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Fred Astaire's footwork is as nimble as ever. With Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton, and Keenan Wynn. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

TREASURE ISLAND—Stevenson's great adventure yarn, complete with all the pirate trimmings, in a topnotch production by Walt Disney. Robert Newton, as Long John Silver, and Bobby Driscoll, as young Jim Hawkins, are outstanding in a large and bloodthirsty cast.

Made in England. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA—Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda in a moody but powerful film that depicts the activities of a Frenchman who, having fled his homeland after indulging in a bit of homicide, joins up with a lovelorn lady and her impressionable daughter in a bombed-out section of Genoa. The daughter is portrayed with great sensitivity by Vera Talchi. A French-Italian production. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—The story of how a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy, told in absorbing fashion. A British picture, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

THE AMAZING MR. BEECHAM (1949)—A. E. Matthews in a satire on English politics. A British film. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; Sept. 2-4. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5. . . . Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 3-4.)

BLACK NARCISSUS (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Sept. 3-5.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Aug. 31.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 4-5.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 4-5.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—A French film concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Puelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3-5.)

FARREBIQUE (1948)—A French study of farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Sept. 5, tentative.)

HARVEST (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Sept. 6, tentative.)

IF I HAD A MILLION (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 31.)

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English picture. (Trans-Lux

85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 5-6.)

MÄDCHEN IN UNIFORM (1932)—The old German film about a girls' boarding school. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 6.)

LES MISÉRABLES (1935)—Harry Baur as Jean Valjean, in a French treatment of the classic. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Sept. 1-2.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller having to do with spies, the Gestapo, and such. A British picture, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sept. 1-4. . . . Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 6.)

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 2-5.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woolcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 31. . . . 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sept. 2-5.)

SHOE-SHINE (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

SOUTH RIDING (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Sir Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 6.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 6.)

STORY OF G. I. JOE (1945)—The American infantryman's progress through Africa and Italy during World War II. With Burgess Meredith. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8000; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Sept. 3-5.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 3-4. . . . Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Sept. 5-6.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchard. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Sept. 6, tentative.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Sept. 3: Four silent films of great actresses of the past, including "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt, and "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske. . . . Starting Sept. 4: "Male and Female" (1919), with Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)

TREASURE ISLAND.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)

SUNSET BOULEVARD.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)

"Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)

NO WAY OUT.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)

Aug. 31: "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Sept. 6 (tentative): "The Desert Hawk," Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Greene.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Sept. 1: "The Torch," Paulette Goddard.

From Sept. 2: "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien; and "Alcatraz Island," revival, John Littel, Ann Sheridan.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"My Widow and I" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Isa Miranda.

From Sept. 1: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles. (Starting Sept. 1, the Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, will play for about forty minutes between features. Eileen Farrell, soprano, will also appear.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)

THREE LITTLE WORDS.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Aug. 31: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," James Cagney.

From Sept. 1: "Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Difficult Years" (in Italian).



In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)



Theatre Red®

lipstick

“You’d know it anywhere —”

Germaine Montreil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE latest Fuller Brush catalogue lists a brush to clean a comb and a comb to clean a brush.

WITH the comfortable knowledge that language is always willing to adjust itself to new circumstances (cf. "Veep"), we are pleased to report the creation of a word we regard as highly and immediately useful. It turned up the other day in a theme written by a summer-school student at a local college, a young man with a mental quirk that causes him to mix up letters. In this instance, he referred to "studnets who are enroddled here." There has for some time been a need for a word to express the uneasy relationship of an undergraduate to his college, of a voter to his party, of, indeed, everyone alive today to his neighbors on this explosive planet. The slightly twisted studnet seems to have hit upon it. We're enroddled, that's what we are, every one of us, from W. Stuart Syngman to Symington Rhee, and the word ought to be passed along to Joseph Stalin, who is more enroddled than anybody else.

IT'S always tough to try to conduct business as usual in a warlike atmosphere. For instance, a fact-finding committee of the state legislature is engaged in an investigation of the effect of comic books on children and simultaneously the Red Cross is appealing to the citizenry to donate comic books to the Marine Corps, to refresh its men en route to Korea. This puts the legislators in a ticklish spot. Should they find against comics and be scorned forever after from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Pusan? Should they find for comics and invite abuse at all future psychiatric conclaves? If the committeemen haven't yet figured a graceful way out, we have a suggestion for them. They could simply adopt a resolution urging all children in New York State

to patriotically relinquish their comic books to the Marines for the duration. The Leathernecks would be pleased, the



psychiatrists would be pleased, and so, we guess, would the children.

Arrival

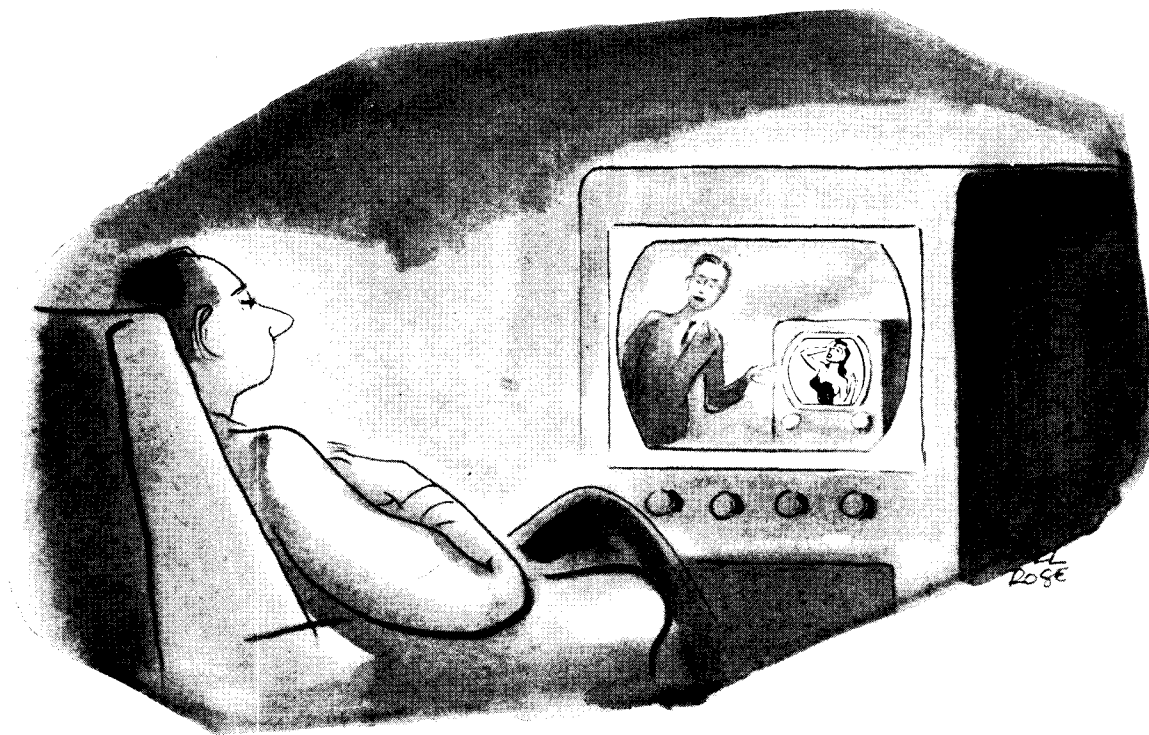
THROUGH the courtesy of Grover Whalen, chairman of the Mayor's Reception Committee, we were privileged last week to welcome the *Liberté*, the French revision of the *Europa*, in the style to which Mr. Whalen is accustomed. We joined up with the city's official protocol man at the office of Coty, Inc., of which he is board chairman, at noon and, with him, were whisked in a municipal car, through green and red lights alike, to Pier A, at the Battery. "Hello, Jack," Mr. Whalen said to a gentleman as we alighted. "Hi, Commish," replied the object of his salutation, whom Mr. W. then introduced to us as Jacob Katz, chief engineer of the Police Department, an appointee dating from the time when Mr. Whalen was Police Commissioner, twenty or so years ago. After we had been joined by Lewis Lang, Deputy Comptroller, and Joseph Minetti, Commissioner of the Board of



Transportation, Mr. Whalen led the way aboard the tugboat Brooklyn, a red Marine and Aviation Department craft, which bore a large sign reading, "Mayor's Committee." Cries of "Morning, Commish" greeted Mr. Whalen on all sides, and he shook hands with and

beamed at fifteen or twenty city and French Line and French Consulate officials. "Oh, là, là!" said a gentleman who was identified to us as Henri J. Lesieur, general manager of Air France. We put out into the harbor, followed by another Marine and Aviation tug, the Manhattan, aboard which was the Fire Department band, and three tugs, bearing lesser members of the press, provided by the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. Box lunches were presently served, and the party sat about on the deck eating them. Mr. Whalen, who was wearing a blue suit, blue tie, blue handkerchief, blue socks, and the rosette of a commander of the Legion of Honor, finished off a couple of ham-and-cheeses with gusto. "Only had two glasses of water for breakfast," he said. We admired a square-cut gold-and-platinum wristwatch he was wearing, and he told us Switzerland had given it to him at the time of the New York World's Fair, of which he was president. It had a trylon and perisphere on its face, and, instead of numerals, "World's Fair" was spelled out around its circumference. Mr. Katz, who was smoking a cigar, didn't touch his lunch, and Mr. Whalen suggested that he return it to the man who had passed the boxes out. "Don't waste it," he said, and turned to another gentleman and asked, "Say, Joe, did you take care of the crew?" Joe said yes. Near Quarantine, a blimp lettered "Flamingo Frozen Orange Juice" flew over us, and Mr. Whalen gazed at it with the severity of a Roman proconsul. "Some of our commercial friends never fail to seize an opportunity to get out where they don't belong," he said. No Coty blimp was in evidence.

When the *Liberté* appeared on the horizon, a couple of bottles of Dewar's White Label were broken out on the Brooklyn, and Mr. Lang said, "Gentlemen, to the *Liberté*!" "The *Liberté*! Long may she sail!" said Mr. Whalen as all rose and quaffed. The



"Make your own test. Compare this clear, sharp image with the image on your present set."

great liner stopped at Quarantine, and the Brooklyn went around her stern, to find the Doris Moran, one of the press tugs, already snug at her side. As the passengers of that presumptuous craft were about to disembark, incredulous cries burst from the Brooklyn. "Grover Whalen must be first!" one of our, and his, shipmates shouted clearly above the din. The Doris Moran shamefacedly backed away and the Brooklyn pulled up. Making his own decision as to who should be the first man to go aboard, Mr. Whalen deferred to Guy de Berc, general manager of the French Line, who nimbly climbed a ladder put out by the Brooklyn to a lower deck of the Liberté, followed by one and all. The group proceeded to the sun deck by elevator, and there, while a dark-green Police helicopter with yellow pontoons circled overhead, Mr. Whalen shook hands with thirty or forty passengers, kissed several fashionable-looking ladies on the cheeks, and posed for cameramen with Irene Dunne, another passenger. "Doesn't he look sentimental!" said M. de Berc. "Smile, Grover!" said Mr. Minetti. Mr. Whalen smiled. Miss Dunne smiled. *We* smiled, from pure contagion. The Fire Department band, which had arrived on the scene, struck up. The Liberté emitted some tremendous blasts on its whistle. Mr. Whalen obliged newsreel photographers by posing as director of the band, waving his right hand. The Liberté started from Quarantine and, as it passed the Statue

of Liberty, was joined on either side by two fireboats, each sending up constant geysers a hundred feet high. "They can go two hundred and fifty feet," Fire Department Acting Battalion Chief George F. McGinty, a Brooklyn shipmate, told us. "We can hit the George Washington Bridge."

We followed Mr. Whalen to the Café de l'Atlantique for champagne and sank into a rosewood-tinted beechwood armchair upholstered with pony skin, beside a passenger who said, "Oh, my, what a trip!" enigmatically. Mr. Whalen disappeared, but we later found him on the captain's bridge in his shirt-sleeves, his brow covered with perspiration. We watched the harbor pilot and Captain Hervé Le Huede bring the ship in to the pier. When they had accomplished that, Mr. Whalen put on his coat and shook hands with the Captain. "The arrival of the Liberté is a most inspiring occasion," he said, in part. "A very nice ship, very easy to handle," said the Captain, in part.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A number of signs at the Rivoli Theatre, which is showing "No Way Out," read "This Way Out."

Abundant, Buoyant, and Toxic

SINCE we looked into the Department of Health's efforts to curb hay fever by the extermination of ragweed a

few weeks ago, we've had an opportunity to observe the hay-fever problem—in fact, the problem of all allergies—from another point of view, that of the Arlington Chemical Company, of Yonkers, one of the country's largest producers of allergenic extracts for the treatment of allergies. We went up to the Arlington plant one bright and pollenic afternoon last week and were received by the president, Leland E. Stowell, who told us that while his company does a fair volume of business in general pharmaceuticals, its heart is in its biological department, where the extracts, or allergens, are turned out. He added, with a smile, that he is himself

quite a notable figure in hay-fever research. "The lab is constantly sending down a sample of something or other to try out on me," he said. "I puff up and start sneezing at the very mention of ragweed." We noticed that, by George, he *did* seem to puff up a trifle as he uttered the hated word.

Stowell handed us on to Seymour Shapiro, the young chemist who directs the biological laboratory, and he got right down to business, explaining that allergens are any substances to which human beings are allergic. Arlington's are prepared from protein extracts of the substances—in powder form for diagnostic purposes and in solutions of various strengths for treatment. Arlington always keeps in stock allergens of more than sixty pollens from grasses, trees, and weeds (such as burning bush, goose-foot, ragweed, and pigweed) that commonly cause hay fever, and at the moment has on hand allergens of eighty-two pollens that more rarely cause it. These include quack grass, Hercules'-club, snow-on-the-mountain, and curled dock. Shapiro said that to be a general nuisance a pollen must be abundant, buoyant, and toxic. Hawaiian palm pollen, for example, is abundant and buoyant but not toxic, and corn pollen is abundant and toxic but not buoyant enough to bother anyone who isn't actually in a cornfield. Arlington gets its pollens from professional gatherers all over the country.

Shapiro told us that if a susceptible

person were to put a paper bag over the top of a stalk of ragweed ready to pollinate, hold it tightly at the bottom, and give it a good shake, he'd have enough pollen for a year of sneezes. Arlington makes a diagnostic set of pollens for each state in the Union except Texas, which requires two sets. These sets contain a minimum of twenty-three pollens, and there is a wide variation between them. The east Texas set, for instance, has twelve pollens that don't appear in the west Texas set. New Mexico, a desert state, manages to produce no fewer than twenty-five pollens that cause hay fever. New York produces twenty-six, of which ten are in season at this writing. Arlington also always has in stock more than two hundred food allergens, among them extracts of seven kinds of cheese—American, Camembert, Gorgonzola, Limburger, Parmesan, Roquefort, and Swiss—as well as forty-nine allergens of less bothersome commodities, such as abalone, turmeric, goat's meat, and elderberries. Besides the pollen and food allergens, Arlington stocks a hundred and twenty-four allergens of what it classes as fungi, furs, smuts, epidermals, and incidentals. Epidermals include the hair, dander, and feathers of various animals, and incidentals include silk, tobacco, catgut, and house dust. The firm is often called on to provide an allergen of the dust of a specific house or building. For some time, it has been supplying a doctor with an allergen of the dust of a high school that one of his younger patients has been attending. The boy is going on to college this fall, and the doctor a while ago sent in a specimen of the college's dust, for an allergen of it. Many of the cases that come to Arlington's attention are really pitiable, Shapiro told us, and cited that of a lady right in Yonkers. She is very fond of a dog she acquired this summer but is so allergic to him that a test injection of one part dog hair to one hundred thousand parts water is enough to make her react explosively. The dog has been sent away for the time being, and her physician is hyposensitizing her. He started her off with a solution of one part dog hair to one hundred million parts water.

Keepsake

THERE was a big dustup in the office of an important vice-president of an important corporation the other morning when a carbon of an important letter he'd dictated couldn't be found. The impasse climaxed a summer of secretarial trouble beginning with the marriage and departure of the

girl the vice-president had had for years, back in May. Following that, he'd been getting along with various experiments from the personnel manager's stenographic pool, hoping for the best. The girl who had taken the letter in question was found to be on vacation, and after the offices had been practically turned upside down, a hurry call went out for her. She was located late in the day at a camp in the Adirondacks, and she knew exactly where the dupe was—in a cedar chest in her home in Kew Gardens. A somewhat literal-minded girl, she'd taken the vice-president at his word when he said, "Take a letter to So-and-So, duplicates to So-and-So and So-and-So, and keep one for yourself."

Prognosticator

WE'D intended to just go up and call on Charlie Hankinson, America's youngest sports commentator, at his home on Riverside Drive, but the head publicity man for WNEW, the station for which Charlie broadcasts, suggested we accompany him, Charlie, and a photographer on an expedition to the press box at Yankee Stadium, where Charlie was scheduled to have his picture taken with Arlie Latham, a ninety-one-year-old former ballplayer. It sounded fine to us, and we hopped into a cab with the photographer and the publicity man, Alan Brandt, who was carrying a dummy microphone for picture purposes, and rode up to Holy Name School, on West Ninety-seventh Street, to pick up Charlie. On the way, Brandt told us that Charlie is nine, a fifth-grader, has been commenting on baseball every Sunday evening for the past fifteen weeks, and is a member of "Juvenile

Jury," a radio program on a different station. Charlie turned out to be a slim, brown-haired lad. He was wearing a bold hound's-tooth suit, a blue necktie, and, on his right wrist, a Babe Ruth wristwatch. We asked him if he was left-handed. "Throws left, but he's a switch-hitter," Brandt informed us. "And, prediction-wise, he's batting .833. Higher than Drew Pearson." "When I pitch, all I try to do is get the ball over the plate," said Charlie in a high, clear voice. "Dizzy Dean told me the reason there's no thirty-game winners any more is because they're all fooling around with three-quarter-speed balls and half-speed balls. In the old days, they just threw a fast ball and a curve, but now they got to have all kinds of crazy pitches." He laughed. "Charlie's favorite player is Ted Williams," Brandt advised us. "The crowd bullies Ted, and I don't like it," Charlie said. "Cute," said Brandt, looking down at Charlie.

Arriving at the Stadium, where a game was in progress, we walked up to the mezzanine and climbed down a few steps into a section of the press box crowded with radio and television announcers and technicians. A small, white-haired man pointed out Mr. Latham to Brandt. "But you'll have to stash the mike," he told him. "Commitments." The photographer posed Charlie with Mr. Latham, who was wearing green goggles, and took some pictures. "These are going to be real cute," Brandt said. Somebody told Brandt that Bob Hope was in the Stadium, and Brandt disappeared with the microphone, saying, "Maybe he'll pose with Charlie." A man from one of the news services maneuvered to where Mr. Latham was sitting and asked him to name his all-star St. Louis team. Charlie pushed his way over to Dizzy Dean and asked how things were. "Fine, Charlie, fine," Mr. Dean boomed. "I was the most irrepressible rookie you ever saw," Mr. Latham said. "First of all," the news-service man said, "you've got to have Musial." Mr. Latham nodded. Brandt climbed wearily back into the press box and said, "Couldn't swing it." A sound engineer next to the news-service man looked around wildly, removed his headphones, and scowled.

At this point, Brandt announced that Charlie had to go home. We accompanied Brandt and his charge to Charlie's home, on the way learning that Charlie's father is an attorney and that Johnny Mize has presented Charlie with an autographed bat. "Last year, when I was interviewed on Station



WOR," Charlie remarked, "I predicted that if Stengel would put Mize in to pinch-hit in the Series, Mize would get a hit, and he did." At the apartment, Charlie introduced us to his mother, a genial lady, and then turned on a small television set to get the rest of the ball game. "We have to use a special set,

because we're D.C.," Mrs. Hankinson said. "Mr. Hankinson is for the Giants." "Durocher must go," Charlie said absently, his eyes on the ball game. Mrs. Hankinson told us that Charlie takes lessons in tap and acrobatic dancing. "I like acrobatic better," Charlie said. "He also loves to sing," Mrs. Hankinson said,

"but he's got no voice." "Whaddaya mean?" said Charlie.

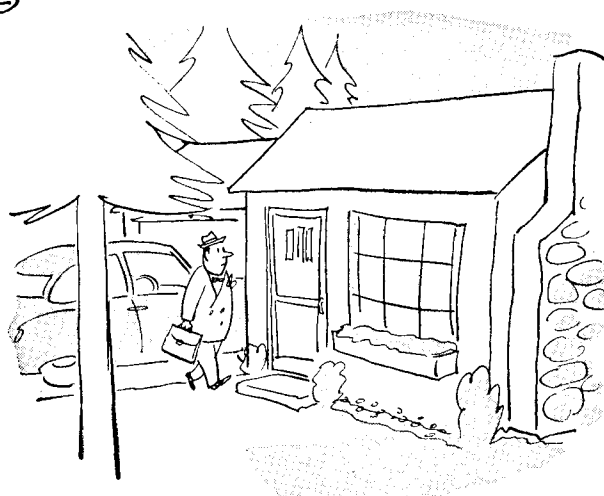
Up-to-Date

A WHITE PLAINS lady has told us of having to dispose of a mortally ailing eleven-year-old cat. She called

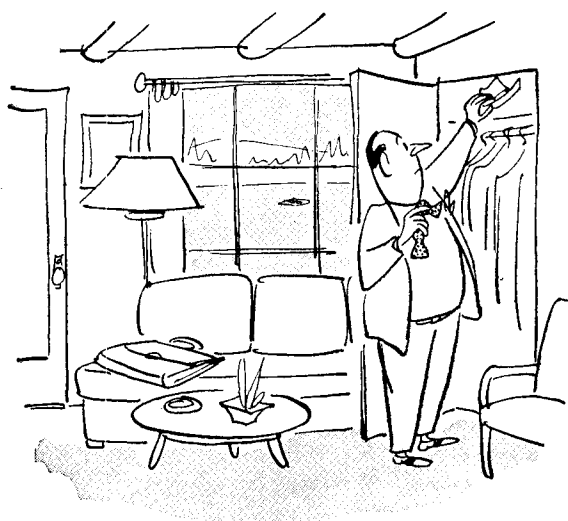
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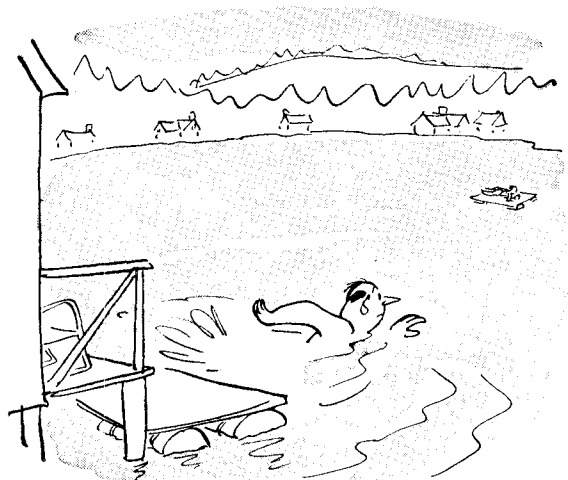
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her veterinarian, who promptly stopped by and picked up the poor animal. On the first of the month, the lady received a bill that bore, under the usual medical notation "For professional services rendered," the entry "Euthanasia.....\$3."

Camping Out

WE'VE been over to the United Nations Secretariat Building again, this time to see how the several hundred employees who have already moved in are enjoying their new, unfinished quarters. We arrived in U.N. territory during the lunch hour and found many of the staff wandering about outdoors, exploring the dusty neighborhood (in whose brown air one still sniffs, now and then, the ghostly exhalations of demolished slaughterhouses) and presiding, as sidewalk superintendents with no sidewalks to stand on, over the digging, blasting, banging, and profane confabulation taking place in the trenches and rubble of First Avenue. Only heaven and Con Ed know how many thousands of feet of steampipes, sewer lines, telephone wires, and electric cables are being relocated in order to tuck First Avenue underground for several blocks; the snarl looked as if it could never be untangled. Other staff members were watching the erection of the bright-orange frame of the Conference Building, which adjoins the east side of the Secretariat Building.

To enter the Secretariat Building, we made our way along a rough, undulating boardwalk that, perhaps because it smelled of freshly sawed wood and was crowded with U.N. girls in gay, many-colored dresses and with well-tanned young men in seersuckers or flannels, put us in mind of a seaside resort or fairground—of a summery place intended wholly for high spirits and good times. This impression was

reinforced by the building itself, which seems, as one approaches the main entrance, to leap straight up into the sky, in a single dimension of blue glass delicately ribbed with steel. The boardwalk passes over the concrete roof of an immense unfinished subterranean garage, and this roof was covered with the shabby debris of construction and six or eight inches of muddy water. A guard told us that a circular drive is to be built on the roof and that flagpoles will stand near it, bearing the banners of the United Nations. "Oh, it will be grand!" he said. "It will be even better than the World's Fair, and the Fair was the finest sight I ever saw." He was a young man, and the Fair was only ten years ago, but he might have been speaking of something that had happened half a century before.

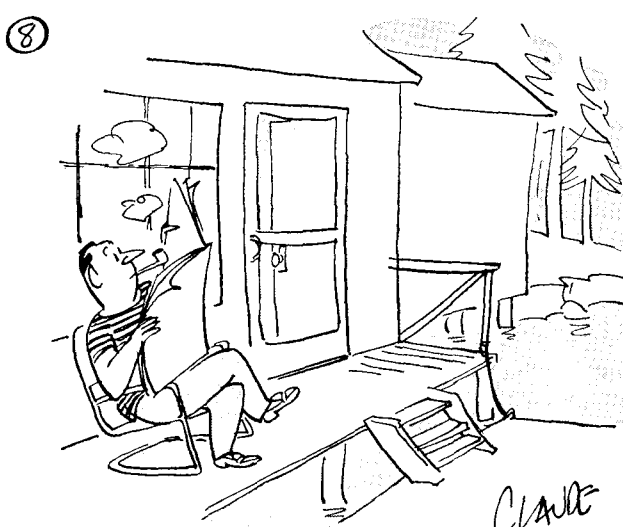
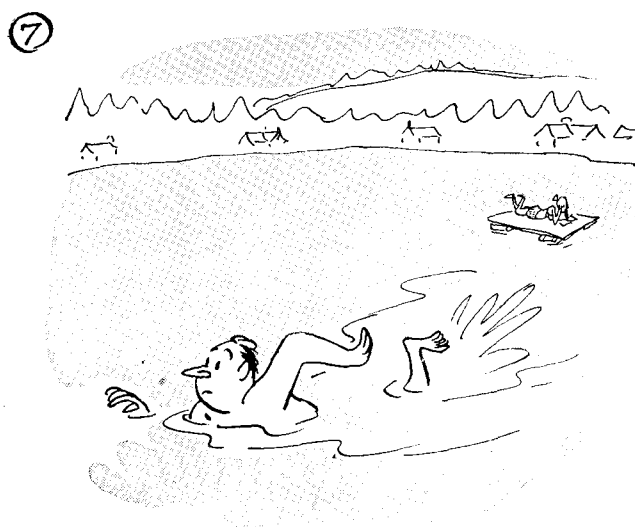
Inside the building, the atmosphere was less carefree. Plasterers and masons were still at work in the lobby, and long runners of soiled rubber led the way to the one bank of elevators that has been put in operation. A temporary cardboard directory rested on an easel near the front door, listing the names of the divisions that so far have been assigned space—Purchase & Transportation, Human Rights, Protocol & Liaison, the Office of the Secretary-General. We took an elevator to the tenth floor to examine the Secretary-General's quarters. They were in disorder, with desks and chairs gathering white plaster dust while painters covered the doors and walls with United Nations blue and gray and unseen electricians shouted to each other from somewhere above us as they snaked cables along the upper surface of the dropped, perforated-metal ceiling. We perceived that the Secretary-General's offices will be neither especially spacious nor especially opulent, and indeed, as we went from one brilliantly lighted, half-empty floor

to the next, the quality we missed was splendor, for this is an office building, designed for working, and facilities for entertainment and display have apparently been reserved for the General Assembly Building, which also adjoins the Secretariat Building and which started to go up last week. The only luxurious quarters we visited were those of a branch of the Chemical Bank & Trust Co., on the fourth floor. It was not yet open for business, but unlimited assets were implied by the rich, dark counters and chocolate-colored walls, and we accepted the implication gratefully.

In the course of our tour, we came upon a Southern girl, a secretary in the Division of Protocol & Liaison. "We jus' deal with the superficialities here," she said. She sat at a desk piled with boxes of documents, and on the asphalt-tile floor were dozens of similar boxes. Through the windows of her office was a spectacular view of the river, a dozen toylike tugs and barges riding its white-capped surface. "So far, it's like we were camping out here," the girl said. "I sit and stare at the river and try to work, and go back to staring at the river and those little old boats. It'll take me weeks to settle down." We invited her to have a dish of ice cream with us in the cafeteria downstairs. "I declare, I believe I will," she said, and then, glancing down a long vista of unfurnished, untenanted offices, added, "It's right lonely here. What we need is another couple of thousand people to cheer things up."

Misapprehension

FILLING-STATION man told us that his previous customer had been a lady whom he'd asked to back up a couple of feet, explaining that the hose wouldn't reach her gas tank. "Why won't it?" she asked. "It's rubber, isn't it?"



THE WAR FOR TONY

WALKING home from the village, Mike Ruellan and his son picked a roundabout way that took them past the old sawmill, across the woods owned by their neighbor, Mr. Epstein, and along the course of a brook that barely missed their two acres of land. These Saturday afternoon hikes had been something of a ritual ever since Tony could, without exertion, walk the distance. Now, aged eight years and a week, he could have walked a lot farther. By jumping back and forth across the brook, he did in fact cover much more ground than his father. He was a sure-footed boy, not especially sturdy for his age but well put together and graceful. Mike watched him with pleasure as he balanced on the arch of an exposed root that spanned the little stream. Moving with great care, Tony stepped off onto a flat rock and froze into an oddly strained position. He put a warning finger to his mouth and called Mike to his side with a gesture.

"Look," he whispered.

Some fifty feet downstream, a long-legged, long-necked bird was dipping its bill under the surface. Leisurely, it drank the clear water, shifted from one leg to the other, preened its plumage, and flew off through the woods. Mike could not see it in flight for more than a second or two.

"What do you think?" he said.

"I think it was a little blue heron," said Tony. "I've never seen one before."

"Neither have I. It wasn't all blue, though. More white than blue. Still, it was some kind of heron."

"Blue," said Tony. "Blue, all right, all right. They're white when they're young and change in their second year. That's how old this one must be, in its second year."

"For a fact?"

"That's what your bird book says. I'll show you."

"Then it *was* a little blue heron," Mike said. "You can write the Audubon Society. I don't know that anybody's seen one around here."

"I hope they'll believe me. Dennis didn't believe me about the fox. He says I must have seen a dog."

Dennis was the Epsteins' chauffeur.

"They'll believe you."

"Oh, brother!" said Tony. "A little blue heron!" He placed two fingers in his mouth and tried to whistle, but he was too excited to manage it.

They had walked almost to the edge of the woods and talked of many things

before it occurred to Mike that Tony had done remarkably well to recall the one detail without which the bird could not have been identified. Long accustomed as he was to the boy's extraordinary precision of mind, fresh evidences of it continued to fill him with a kind of loving awe. He remembered that since last winter he had had his bird book in a place where Tony couldn't possibly have got at it; the fact about the heron's plumage must have been stored away for a matter of months at least, stored away and swiftly produced at the appropriate moment. Yes, Tony had good reason to expect disbelief not only from the Epsteins' chauffeur and the Audubon Society but from any adult who had not known him for some time. Mike Ruellan thought, If only Anne had lived, if only she had lived to see Tony as he now was.

Anne had had less than five years of Tony. Someday, Mike thought, when I'm old and patient and full of high sentence, I'll be able to think of those years not as less than five but as more than four: Anne had had more than four of Tony's wonderful years. And she had known right along how wonderful they were.

Mike and Anne had tried to be no more than ordinarily fatuous about their boy. Time and again they had warned each other to keep their doting private. And more than once Mike had soberly, if without conviction, expressed doubts about Tony's being so very remarkable after all. But as Tony passed through nursery school and kindergarten, through the hands of a series of delighted teachers and one incredulous I.Q.-taker, expert testimony grew in volume and conclusiveness. Without being pushed by anyone, Tony was able to read quite fluently at four. At five and a half, he could follow printed instructions well enough to build a motor truck out of his

Erector set; it ran. And at seven he read "Huckleberry Finn" over and over, with a grasp of its values on a level that startled even Mike.

Fortunately, in most ways he was like any other boy of his age. He took his mother's sudden disappearance almost entirely, and to Mike appallingly, in stride. He spent the month after the funeral at his grandmother's house. Then, when he came home, Cassie Bynum was there, and in a few days he stopped asking why. He didn't seem to notice the change from white to brown in the color of the hands that washed and fed him, stroked his hair, and polished his shoes. Cassie was there. And Cassie loved him; that he must have known.

Mike had often blessed the day when, stunned as he was, he thought of going down South to fetch Cassie. He had made the trip before he regained his controls and without much hope that Cassie could be made to leave Alabama, where she'd lived all her life. He went prepared to offer her more money than he could afford. But Cassie appeared to have been waiting for him. There were no small children in the family that was employing her at the moment, and she accepted as self-evident that it wouldn't do to have a stranger taking care of Tony. Cassie had looked after Tony for some months while Mike was stationed at Maxwell Field during the war, and she did not consider herself a stranger. She cried a little about Anne, and asked for a day to get her stuff together. "Mrs. Ruellan would have wanted me to come," she said.

Cassie Bynum had worked out beyond all reasonable expectations. She ran the house well, and she liked living in the country. She kept Tony warm when he needed to be kept warm, and saw to his entertainment when his own resources failed him. She did have a few ideas that had disturbed Mike when he first came across them; she was convinced, for example, that an onion, placed under a sickbed, would infallibly draw out the most stubborn of fevers. At the same time, she could obey doctors' orders to the letter, and she had nursed Tony through childhood disorders with tenderness and devotion.

MIKE remembered the onion because Tony, walking beside him in the woods, came up with another of Cassie's ideas. He said, "Cassie thinks you can make rain fall if you hang a dead snake on a tree. That's cuckoo. So when I found a dead snake I gave it to



her and she hung it on the little maple in back and sure enough it rained the same day. But it wasn't the snake had anything to do with it, was it? She's cuckoo."

"No, she isn't," said Mike. "She just happened to be wrong about the snake. But she's right about a lot of other things. Did you explain to her what really makes rain fall?"

Tony nodded. "She said maybe so, but she still thinks the snake had something to do with it. Will you tell her I was right?"

"If you like." Tony had probably been voluble, specific, and intolerably accurate in describing the origin of rain, and Cassie had probably not offered more than a feeble rear-guard action. At the moment, Mike felt that he had no reason to fret about Cassie as a potentially retarding educational influence.

As the woods thinned out and Mike caught sight of Mr. Epstein in the act of trimming a hedge, his mind turned on another influence that would have to be considered.

He said, "Cassie tells me you've been over to the Epsteins' just about every afternoon this week. Don't you think that's a little too often?"

"They said for me to come any day I wanted."

"Television?"

"Yes."

"You've been putting in too much time at it."

"Well, there's a couple of programs I follow," Tony said. "One of those mysteries and a Western."

"I wish you'd cut down. Spend more time outdoors now while the weather's good. Billy Tyler's father says the reason Billy didn't make the baseball team this year is that he spends more hours watching the games on television than he does actual playing himself."

"I don't like to watch the ball games. I like these two programs. You would, too."

"I don't think so. If I thought they were any good, we'd get a set ourselves."

"Why don't we?"

"Seems to me we've been over that," said Mike.

"Heck."

"Anyway, cut down on the television."

"Heck," Tony said. "All right. Will you find me the address of the Audubon Society? I ought to get a prize for the heron."

"You should, at that. I'll give you a



"Duz, Pep, Crax, Lux, Kix, Spam, Spic, Spry, and a container of milk."

prize. I'll get you a bird book of your own."

"What kind? I want the kind you have."

BEFORE Mike could answer, Tony was off to join Dennis in front of Mr. Epstein's garage. Dennis seemed to be waxing the new Cadillac, and chances were Tony would pitch in and help. For weeks now, Tony had been in love with Dennis, because Dennis spent all his free time rebuilding a jeep and he let Tony stand by and watch. Mike walked along the hedge, trying to think of some tactful way of phras-

ing what he had to say to Mr. Epstein.

Leon Epstein was a very old and very rich man. He was as old and perhaps as rich as Bernard Baruch, a former classmate of his at the College of the City of New York. Unlike Mr. Baruch, he was small in body and had no discernible interest in national or international affairs. Before he made the bulk of his money, as a manufacturer of electrical appliances, he had been a sailor, a jockey, a mining engineer, a rubber planter, and an operator of tramp steamers out of Batavia. After the Second World War, he bought the hundred-odd acres left of the once huge Vanderclout estate and

devoted himself to transforming them into an agreeable place of retirement for himself and his wife. Mike had grown to regard his old neighbors with respect and some affection.

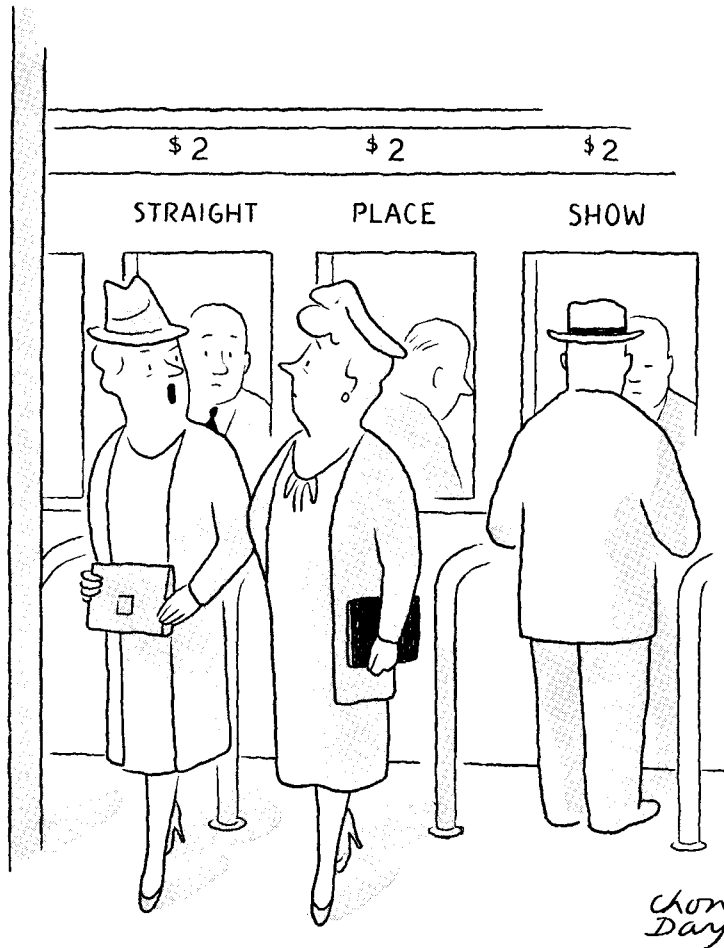
The Epsteins had a staff of six or eight people, but Mr. Epstein did all except the most strenuous parts of the gardening himself. The hedge he was now clipping ran to the corner of Mike's lawn.

"Hedge looks good," Mike said. "Thicker every year."

"This holly isn't coming along the way it ought to," Mr. Epstein said. "But I'm stuck with it for fair. Haven't been seeing you around."

"Late hours at the office," Mike noticed that Tony had already begun to help Dennis polish the car. "There's Tony," he said. "I'd like to think he was trying to work off some of his gratitude, but I'm afraid it's only that he wants to be with Dennis. I was still a little overwhelmed when I talked to you on the telephone last Sunday. I'd never dreamed they made such magnificent trains."

Last Sunday, the Epsteins had sent over, as a birthday present for Tony, an electric train that must surely have cost several hundred dollars; it came complete with an elaborately equipped railroad yard, stations, water towers, tunnels, bridges—and a locomotive that smoked. Mike was speaking the truth when he said he'd been overwhelmed; he had also been a little troubled. The present was too lavish. For one thing, there was hardly room to set it all up, and once it *was* set up, Tony suffered every time it had to be torn down. It was too far out of scale with everything else in the house, with the occasion, with the other presents, and also with Mike's idea of neighborly amenities. Fond as he was of both the Epsteins, Mike had never thought of the relationship as more than, say, cordial. Most of his talks with them had been conducted, as now, across the hedge, and across the barrier



"I'd like to see them wriggle out of this. I bought a ticket on every horse in the race."

of the forty- or forty-five-year difference in ages. He had not been prepared for so lordly a gesture, and he did not carry the burden of gratitude as blithely as his son.

"Almost too magnificent," Mike said. "Cassie has a time trying to tear him away for meals. You shouldn't have done it, sir."

"I didn't send it. My wife did."

"She really shouldn't have."

"She's having more pleasure with Tony than he'll ever get out of his train. Quite a boy."

"Yes, he is," Mike said. "I hope he won't be made to understand that too often and too fast. I'm afraid he accepted the train as no more than his due."

"And that's all it was," Mr. Epstein said. "If anything, less." He continued to clip the hedge. "My wife should have had a boy like that fifty years ago. Or any kind of boy. Or girl. Well, she didn't. So let her have a little fun with Tony, won't you?"

"I hope he hasn't been too much trouble this week," said Mike. "Cassie

tells me he's been over almost every day."

"Trouble? Tony?"

"He can make an awful racket with a television set."

"Nonsense. He and my wife can look at that set by the hour. She enjoys his remarks a lot more than anything on the screen. She just sits around to hear what he'll say. Then she tells me at dinner. I don't remember what we used to do for dinner conversation before Tony showed up."

Mike was beginning to run short on tact. "The truth is," he said, "I'd just as soon he spent less time with television. I don't like the effect it has on children. Most of the programs are garbage, but it isn't only that. My generation was exposed to just as much foolishness in books, and so was yours, no doubt. It's the medium. Too many dimensions or something. Tyranny over the imagination. I don't know. Maybe it makes life

too easy—would that be it? I've watched the damned gadget working on my friends' children and it seems to transform them into receptacles—passive. A book demands more active play of mind. You can close it, disagree, open it again, modify your views. I guess television can be stimulating, too. But the children I've seen merely sit there gaping. By the hour, as you say. They don't go outdoors, they don't do their school-work . . ." Mike stopped. He felt he had allowed himself to be carried away.

"You've got a point there," Mr. Epstein said.

"I don't see enough of Tony. By the time I get home on weekdays, he's almost ready for bed. We have the weekends, of course, but mostly he's on his own. Maybe I worry more than I should about what he does with himself. Mrs. Epstein has been so wonderful to him, I hope she'll understand about the television."

"Frankly, I think she'd rather have five minutes of Tony than the best years of Hopalong Cassidy's life. She can al-

ways say the set's out of order. She'll just have to find something else to attract him with. Maybe she'll start tinkering with a jeep, like Dennis."

Mr. Epstein did not stop clipping the hedge as he talked. Mike was astonished at the energy in those fragile old hands. Mrs. Epstein's hands were like that, too, old and capable, good hands for Tony to be in. What admirable people, Mike thought; they should have had children. There should have been a dozen grandchildren roaming Tony's woods. Tony's woods was what Mrs. Epstein had once called the beautiful stand of timber on her land.

Tony came over. "I polished the grille," he said. "You can't see it from here, but it's like a mirror."

"Thank you," Mr. Epstein said.

"You're welcome. A Cadillac. That's what I'll buy when I get some Jew money."

Mike wasn't sure he had heard right. "Some what?"

"Jew money. That's what you got to have to buy a car like that. Dennis says."

"Tony," Mr. Epstein said, "what is Jew money?"

"I don't know. A lot of money. A thousand dollars?"

"Did Dennis say where you could get hold of some?"

"No. I got eighteen dollars in the bank. Can I help you clip the hedge, please?"

"No, thank you. I'm almost finished. Next time, Tony."

"You better go and cut some of our lawn," said Mike. "That mangy part around the tool shed."

"Now?"

"Yes."

Tony was not enthusiastic but he went.

"I'm sorry," Mike said. It seemed like a silly thing to say, and he wished he hadn't said it.

"I'm the one who ought to apologize—for Dennis," Mr. Epstein said.

"Dennis is a damn fool. I think I'll tell him so."

"I wouldn't. He's a very good chauffeur. I don't suppose he'd be one if he had no opinions. I haven't inquired into them too closely. I might do that, though, one of these days."

"I'll go straighten Tony out," said Mike. "Maybe I'll do some inquiring into Dennis's

opinions myself. Tony may be full of them."

"And don't worry about the television. I'll talk to Mrs. Epstein." He went on clipping the hedge.

MIKE walked around the picket fence to the back of his own house. He couldn't see Tony in or near the tool shed. From the kitchen, the sound of Cassie's radio came crashing through the barberry and the forsythia: "Take the gag out of her mouth," said a slow, deep voice. "Well, Miss Worthington, did you enjoy your ride? Sorry we couldn't let you see more of the scenery. It's pretty country around here—downright pretty. Our accommodations are a little crude, I know, but if they're not up to your standards, all you have to do is say the word. Say the word, Miss Worthington. . . . I think you know which word I mean. . . . Cat got your tongue, Miss Worthington? . . . We'll find that tongue, young lady, if it takes all year. . . . But somehow I don't think it will. No, I honestly don't. . . ."

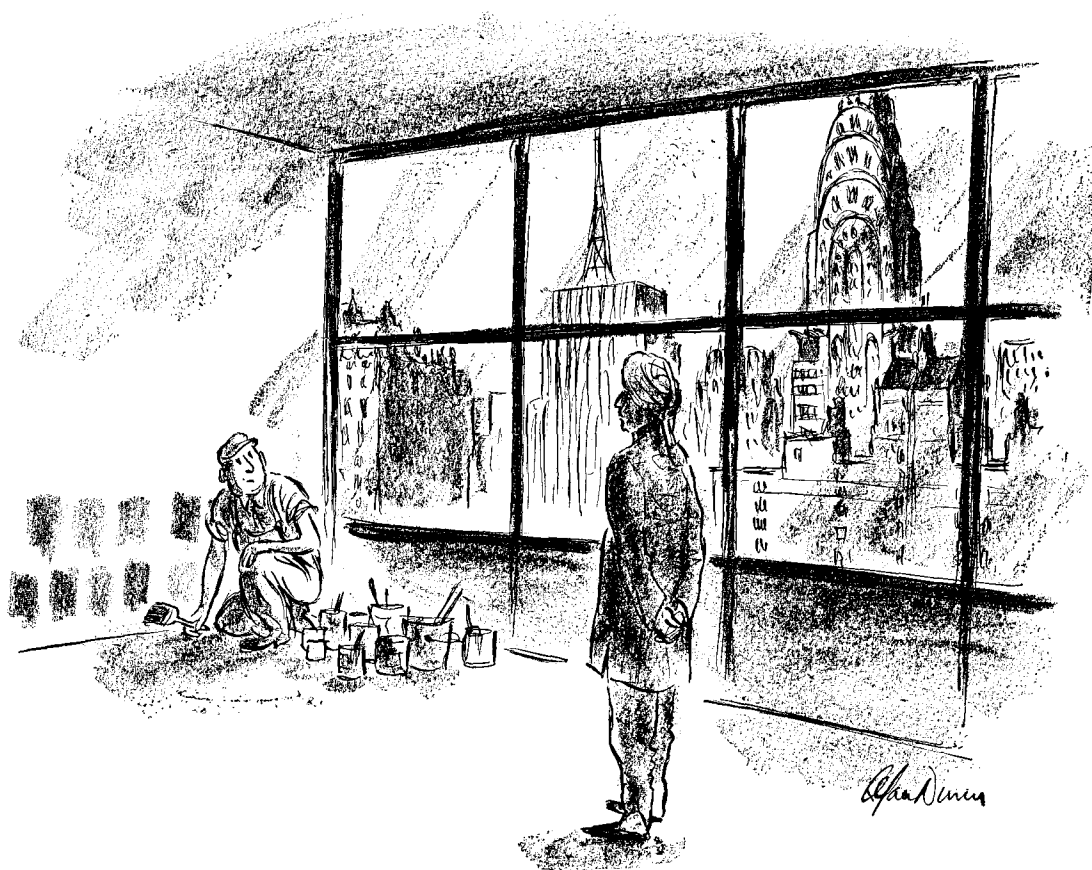
The drawl continued, running through the long, immutable ritual of menace, dissolving at last into organ music and a singing commercial in behalf of a mouthwash. Inside the house, perhaps, Tony was listening, rooting for the arrival of Front Page Farrell,

Richard Roe, the F.B.I., or Sergeant Doe of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The whole raucous sequence affected Mike as part of a gigantic assault, directed by men of cunning and great power. Get Tony Ruellan! they said; he's too free, too bright, too charming. Flatten him out, they said; mold him in our image, bombard him with garbage, ply him with fraud, saturate his air with evil. Get him at the homes of his friends. Get him at his own home. Get him every hour, on the hour. Get at him through Dennis, the chauffeur of his heart.

Mike had faced something like this about a year before, when Tony brought the word "nigger" home from school and at once tried it for size on Cassie. Straightening that one out had turned into a rather lengthier and more involved session than Mike had anticipated. Tony had wanted to know *why* there were people who disliked Negroes, and Mike had had to come up with a certain amount of history and some simplified economics. He hoped this time to deal with the Jew thing quickly and surely, not to lose it in too much talk.

He started in through the back door. He was going to tell Cassie to turn her radio lower, but she came out to the porch and began talking before he had



a chance to say anything. She looked very much upset.

"Jocko got killed," she said.

"Jocko? When? How?"

"Right after you went for your walk. He worked himself loose from the leash and he tried to run across the road the way he saw you go. He never knew what hit him, poor dog. That car must have been doing eighty, Mr. Ruellan. It was a green car, but that's all I could tell about it. Jocko was such a good little old dog, I—"

"Does Tony know?"

"Not yet. I dassent tell him. I was waiting for you to come home."

"Where is he?"

"Setting up his train in the living room."

"And Jocko?"

"I buried him, Mr. Ruellan. He was all mashed up to bits. I didn't want Tony to see him like that. He was such a good little dog, I feel all disencouraged about it. That car must have been doing eighty. Why didn't you let him go with you this time?"

"We didn't want him to chase the birds. Poor Jocko. Did you say anything at all to Tony?"

"No, sir. I couldna kept from crying if *he* started in, not now. Maybe tomorrow I could do it."

"I'd better tell him now," Mike said. "Now, before he misses Jocko."

"You want me to go in with you?"

"Thank you, Cassie, I think not."

He opened the door into the living room, but Tony wasn't there. Only a few sections of railroad track had been assembled and the cars were still in their boxes. Tony was upstairs, moving around in his room. By the time Mike got up there, Tony had an open book in his hand.

He looked up. "I'll mow around the tool shed after dinner," he said.

"It can wait till tomorrow or the next day," Mike said. He didn't know how to begin, but after a while he heard himself talking without any apparent hesitation. "Tony, Jocko got killed. A car hit him. He ran out in the road and got killed. Cassie buried him. She had to. The car was going too fast. It wasn't Jocko's fault."

Tony said, "She buried him?"

"She had to. He was dead. It didn't hurt him. It was just like going to sleep."

"But we won't have him any more?"

"We'll get another dog. Right away, Tony." I'm saying all the wrong things, Mike thought. Like apologizing

to Mr. Epstein. "We'll get one just like Jocko."

"But I want Jocko." For a moment he struggled against crying, and then he looked as if he'd passed the crisis. "Can we call the other dog Jocko, too?"

"If you like. We'll go down to the kennels and you can pick him out. We'll go in the morning."

Tony looked at the open book in his lap, "The Wonder Clock." His

eyes moved along the page, though Mike knew he wasn't actually reading. Without looking up, he said, "Are the worms eating him now?"

"No," Mike said. "Jocko can't feel anything any more.

Nothing can hurt him now, worms or anything."

"How long before he's a skeleton?"

"It's hard to say."

"Is Mommy a skeleton now?"

Mike could feel the air rushing into his lungs. "No," he said, too loudly.

"She's alive somewhere, Cassie says."

"Maybe she is. I can't tell, Tony. I don't know."

"I don't want to meet her if she's a skeleton."

"You won't meet her. No chance of that. She's gone. She was like that picture in my room. Do you want me to help you set the train up now?"

"All right," Tony said. He closed the book slowly. "What if they don't have a dog like Jocko? Can we get a boxer?"

"Sure. Any kind. You pick him."

"But I want Jocko." He started out of the room, brushing abruptly past Mike.

"We'll get one like Jocko. We'll get a puppy that'll grow up to be exactly like Jocko."

MIKE followed Tony out of the room and down the stairs. Halfway down, he saw Cassie withdrawing into the kitchen and closing the door behind her. She still had the radio on. In the living room, Tony held two sections of track in his hands for a long, thoughtful time before, listlessly, he fitted them together. Mike got down on the rug with him and went to work at the other end of the track. The sound of another singing commercial came from the kitchen, this time a litany in praise of a breakfast food, tasty, crunchy, muscle-building, vitamin-irradiated.

A savage loathing for the happy, fraudulent voices rose in Mike as a physical sensation; it mingled with his contempt for Dennis and his hatred of the man who had driven the green car

at eighty (make it sixty) miles an hour. For a moment (no longer than that) he saw these people as the skirmishers and vanguard of the forces marshalled against Tony. I'm the first line of defense, he thought, and all my fighting has to be done on Saturdays and Sundays. All right, then, it'll be done on Saturdays and Sundays; whatever happens, the bastards'll know they've been in a fight.

"Cassie," he called out to the kitchen, "will you turn that radio lower, please? Much lower." —EDWARD NEWHOUSE

THE SUN-WITCH TO THE SUN

He wakens from the clover rick
And somersaults the woodlot gate,
He sprouts the corn and warms the chick,
He plunges in the timberthick.

Green is his pasture in the East,
He bids the stallion and his mate,
The cloven-hoof and horned beast
To crop the carpet of his feast.

His slender fingers comb the briar
And search between the spiny leaves
And liberate the starling choir
To cry the curfew of his fire.

The rick, the hill, the trees do move,
I think the very graveyard heaves,
To bask in such a generous love,
Which only I share nothing of.

The birds aspire, the herds agree
In adoration of his heat,
He turns the earth, except for me
The pivot in Eternity.

Reject me not who all alone
Attend my failing cannel grate,
Though they call me heart-of-stone
And whisper of the Evil One.

Thou art God that kissest so
To blanch or quicken all a hill,
To wrap it in the secret snow
Or bare it that the corn may grow.

I veil my face in curtain lace,
I shiver at the miracle;
Burn me in the same embrace,
Spin me in the heavenly chase;

In meetinghouse though I be mute
My heart is forty acres wide
And thirsty as the poplar root;
Let me bear my woman-fruit,
O Sun, my lover deified,
Thou the bridegroom, I the bride!

—GEORGE HOWE

THE LANDLORD

IT was due to the boldness of Mrs. Seugar, who always got what she wanted (though why she had wanted Mr. Seugar was not easy to see), that they came to live in the semi-detached house called East Wind. They were driving through a London suburb one Sunday; Mrs. Seugar was bouncing on the seat and sighing, "Snobby district. I like it snobby, refined, a bit of class." And her little eyes, like caterpillars' heads, began eating up everything they passed, until she saw East Wind. The adjoining house was called West Wind. "Oh, stop!" she cried out. "Look—posh! That's the house I want. You could live in a house like that, I mean, and be one of the toffs and look down your nose at everyone. I don't mean anything nasty. Get out and see if they'll rent it." Mr. Seugar had to be pushed out.

Wherever Mrs. Seugar moved, a spotlight played on her, but Mr. Seugar lived in a deep, damp-eyed shade of shame—the shame of always obliging someone. Unable to step out of it, he shuffled a lot of money out of his shop into his pocket and piled it onto Mrs. Seugar, who stood out in the spotlight, seeing that she was taken notice of. Mr. and Mrs. Seugar left the car, went to the house, and were asked in by the man who was to be their landlord. He was having tea in a room lined from floor to ceiling with pictures and books. He was a very tall man, with nothing to remark about him except that as the Seugars advanced, he retreated, slipped back like a fish, with eyes like lamps and with a coarse little open mouth. "Won't you sit down?" he said.

They sat, and Mrs. Seugar let her legs fall open like a pair of doors. "I have set my heart on your house. Oh, it's posh, cute," she said. "Isn't it? Haven't I?"

Mr. Seugar, with his knees together, confirmed it.

"Would you rent it to us?" Mrs. Seugar asked.

The landlord did not sit. He poured them out two cups of tea and slipped back into the corner watching them, as if he were having a dream of being robbed. In the end, it was he who robbed them. A faraway scholar and

fleeing gentleman, he asked a tremendous rent—Mrs. Seugar was hung about with so much gold. But first of all he put them off. They could have not this house but the one next door. "I own both," he said.

"Ask him who lives next door," Mrs. Seugar said, giving her husband an open-glove punch. "Why should I talk? Oh, it's so posh!"

"Who—" began Mr. Seugar.

"No one," said the landlord.

"Then you can move in next door and we can move in here!" cried Mrs. Seugar. "What did I say? Would you believe it, I said to my husband that's the house I want, go and ask, but he wouldn't. He makes objections to everything. Well, I call it daft to make objections all the time. People despise me for marrying him. I don't mean anything nasty."

The shadow of shame came down like a dark shop blind over Mr. Seugar, and, indeed, that is where his mind was—in his shop.

In half an hour, the landlord was showing them around the house, Mr. Seugar following like a sin, giving a glance into every room after the two others had gone on, being called forward for lagging behind. When the visit was done, Mr. Seugar took the house, wiping his feet back and forth on the carpet as he did so, crying inside himself at the tremendous rent, and bewildered because, in taking something that could not be wrapped up in paper and slipped into his overcoat pocket, he felt exposed.

When they got home and had shut their door, Mrs. Seugar began to shout everything she said. He was snobby (the landlord); it was a pleasure to hear him talk the way the snobs talk, la-di-

da, it was lovely; but if you haven't the cash, it doesn't help you being a snob. She felt at ease having someone to look down on straightway.

"He's a recluse," said Mr. Seugar.

"He isn't!" shouted Mrs. Seugar, grabbing her new capture back from her husband. "He never stopped staring at me. I could have died! Fancy him letting us have the house like that, no questions. Funny thing him living in that house alone and me killing myself to have it. It shows you never know."

AT the end of the month, Mrs. Seugar led her furniture into East Wind, and when it was all in, Mr. Seugar followed it like a mourner. They settled in, and Mrs. Seugar sat there with her legs wide open and her shoes kicked off, going through the names of all the people she was going to look down her nose at.

"Listen," said Mr. Seugar from the shade. No shop bell to call them, no one popping in from downstreet, they were hearing the only sound in their lives—their landlord poking his fire in the house next door.

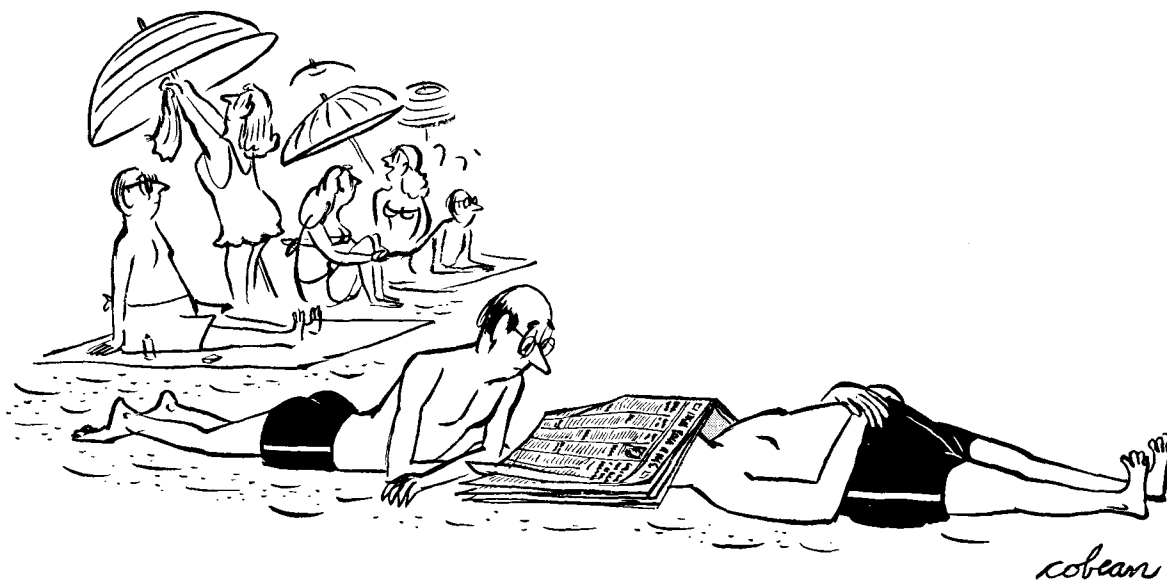
"Talk," said Mrs. Seugar. "But for me, you wouldn't be here. Say something. Not business. Talk snobby." She sighed. "I've got everything on," she said, having a look at her gold watch, her diamond brooch, and so on, "and I feel a fool, you sitting with your trap closed. A snob would talk."

At that moment, they both started. The front door was being opened, shoes were being wiped on the mat, there were steps in the hall.

"What's that?" said Mr. Seugar.

"Burglars. I'd welcome it," said Mrs. Seugar.

Mr. Seugar went out and met their landlord walking down the hall. He



was just putting a key into his pocket. He seemed surprised to see Mr. Seugar, murmured something, walked on, and then was stopped by the sight of their stair carpet. Murmuring again, he flicked like a fish sideways into the sitting room, looked at Mrs. Seugar in a lost fashion, and sat down.

"I've been for a walk," he said.

"A constitootional," said Mr. Seugar.

"Shut up, Henry, until remarks are addressed to you," said Mrs. Seugar.

The landlord looked around the room where his pictures and his books had been and then glanced at the Seugars. "Dreadfully late," he said suddenly, went to the window, which was a low one, opened it, and stepped over the sill. Once over, he walked down the garden into his own garden, next door.

"Dreadfully, awfully, frightfully—late," Mrs. Seugar was repeating in ecstasy.

Mr. Seugar came out of his shame. "Blimy, see that? Forgot he's moved! He's still got the key."

A terrible quarrel broke out between the Seugars. "That was a call," Mrs. Seugar said. "No, it wasn't," said Mr. Seugar, "it was a mistake." Mrs. Seugar

said that Mr. Seugar was so ill-bred he hadn't realized it was a call but must pass remarks. "If a visitor says 'walk,' you don't say 'constitootional' afterward, correcting him," she said. "Why repeat? It's daft. Not only that, he was lonely, he had the lonely look. He came to see *me*, not you." A man, Mrs. Seugar said, was what she wanted—her ideal, who talked soft and gave you a good time, a lovely man, not the fairy prince and all that twaddle, but a recluse who could fascinate you, and give you things. "And out of mean spite you froze him off," she said to Mr. Seugar.

Mr. Seugar did not know what to do. At last, he got a spade and went out to the garden to dig.

THE following day, just as lunch was put on the table, in came the landlord. He walked straight into the dining room ahead of Mr. Seugar, sat down in Mr. Seugar's place before the joint, and started to carve.

"Henry!" said Mrs. Seugar.

Mr. Seugar said nothing. Their landlord handed them their plates and then rang the bell for an extra one. Mrs. Seugar talked about her holiday at the

seaside. People were standoffish there, she said, and she couldn't get a corset.

"I apologize for the beef," said the landlord.

Mrs. Seugar kicked Mr. Seugar under the table.

"D'you believe millions now living will never die?" asked Mrs. Seugar, to keep conversation going. "I mean they'll live, not pass out. It sounds daft. We had a circular. We put up a notice saying, 'No Hawkers, No Circulars,' but that doesn't stop some people. Not never die—they must be fools to think that. What some people's minds get on, they must be empty. I want a bit of life. I'm not morbid."

"Millions now living will never die?" said the landlord.

"I'm surprised they are allowed to give out circulars like that in a neighborhood like this," said Mrs. Seugar.

"I am so sorry, I do apologize for the sweet," said the landlord. "It is my fault. I am awfully thoughtless. I will make a confession."

"A confession—oh!" bawled Mrs. Seugar, clapping her hands.

"It is terrible," said the landlord. This was one of his longest speeches.

"I forgot I asked you to lunch."

"Henry!" said Mrs. Seugar. "Close your mouth. We don't want to see what you've eaten."

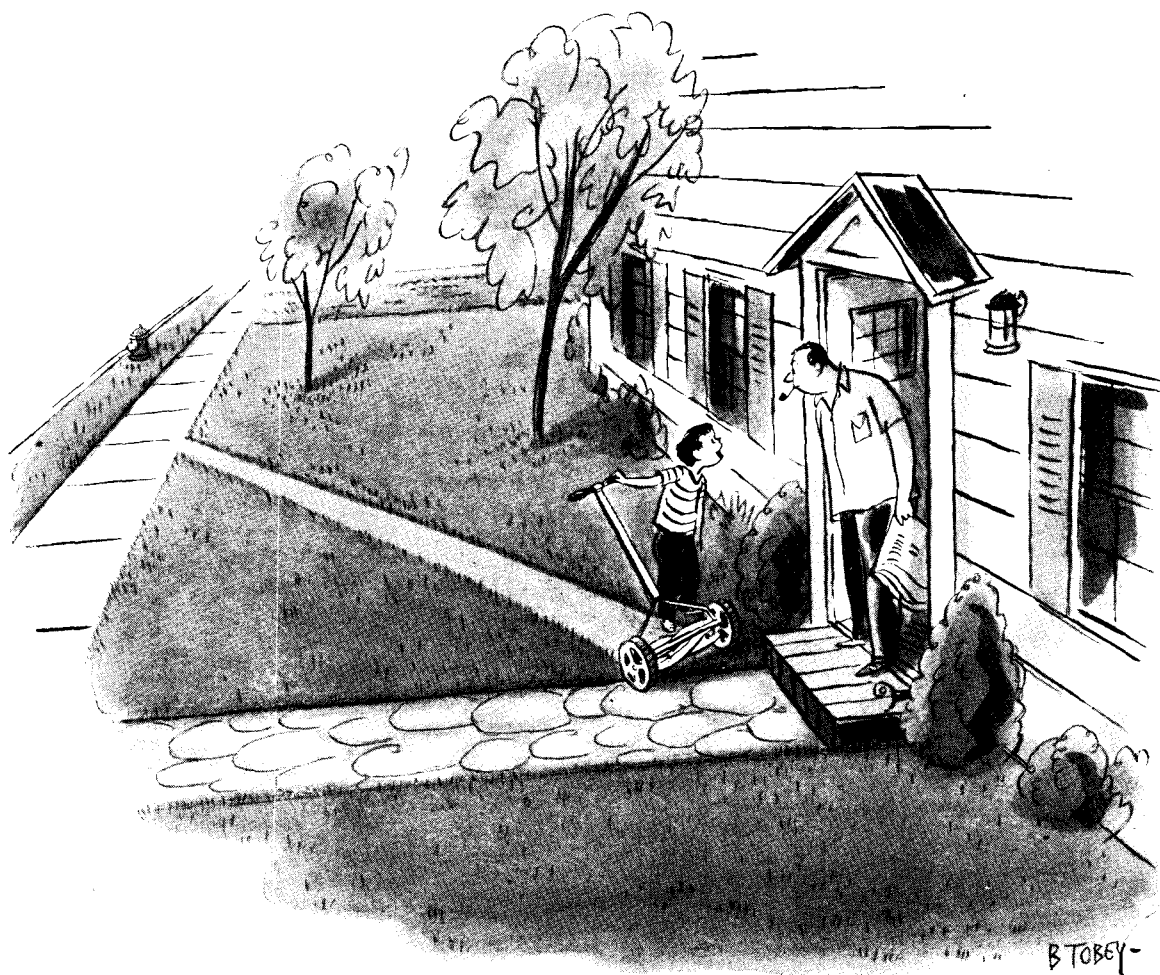
Presently, the landlord looked at the pattern on the plates, then at the table, then at the walls. He got up and, murmuring, went suddenly out.

"What I said yes'day, day before—he's barmy," said Mr. Seugar humbly. "He's forgot he's moved. Like people who order the same groceries twice."

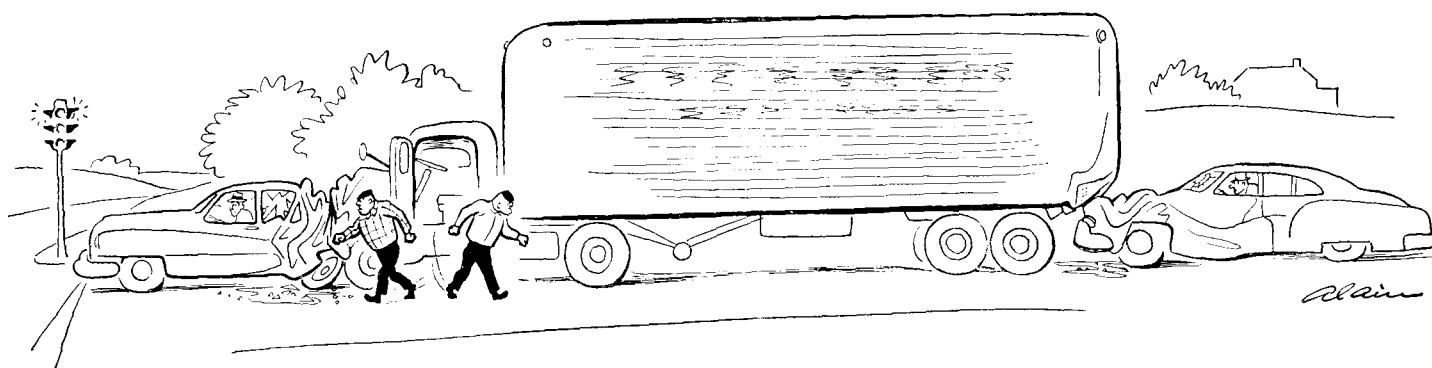
"Father," said Mrs. Seugar—she always called him "Father" when she was accusing him; he had failed, in the course of their marriage, to give her any children—"ever since we've been up here, you've shown you're not used to it. Why didn't you tell me you asked him in for a bite?"

"Who carved the joint? Am I barmy or is he?" asked Mr. Seugar.

"I was glad for him to



"Mow your lawn, sir?"



carve. It used to be his house. I have manners, if some people haven't," said Mrs. Seugar.

Mr. Seugar began one of his long, low, ashamed laughs, a laugh so common that Mrs. Seugar said he could keep it for the next time. Mr. Seugar stopped suddenly and kept it for that. He kept so many things in his life for the next time that they got stale.

"If any person calls to be laughed at, it's you, father," said Mrs. Seugar. She went out of the room, and Mr. Seugar went out to dig in the garden.

In a few minutes, his wife brought out a cap for him to wear; she didn't, she said, like to see a man digging without his cap.

THREE weeks later, Mr. Seugar was complaining one afternoon about the landlord's habit of walking in. If they had a cat or a dog, Mrs. Seugar said, it would be just the same. Why make a difference when it was a human being who came in at the front door, said a word or two in the sitting room, and went out by the window? For all the time she was left alone, Mrs. Seugar said, it was company.

"What's he say?" said Mr. Seugar.

"It isn't what he says," Mrs. Seugar said. "With those snobby ones, it is the way they say it, it's—what d'you call it—that pansy drawl. I love it. He likes to hear *me* talk, too."

"Oh," said Mr. Seugar.

"Yes," said Mrs. Seugar. "Why?"

"I just said oh," said Mr. Seugar. "I'll try the window myself." And, copying the landlord, Mr. Seugar himself stepped over the sill into the garden to his digging.

"That isn't funny, it's vulgar," called Mrs. Seugar after him.

Mr. Seugar said, "Oh, sorry, no harm," and came back over the sill into the room and went out the proper way, to put things right.

One evening the following week, he met their landlord coming down-

stairs fast in his slippers. Mr. Seugar went into his storeroom at the shop next day and sat on a sack of lentils. He was trying to get a few things clear in his mind. "He rented me the house. I'm paid up to date. But I hadn't a right to rent it; there was no notice up." Suddenly the truth was clear to him. "I got *him* as well. He was thrown in. It's like sand in the sugar." And then the cure occurred to Mr. Seugar.

Mr. Seugar went home to his wife and said, "We must arst him in. We've never arst him in. If we arst him, he'd see his mistake."

"He never wanted us to have this house," said Mrs. Seugar. Once a month, she suffered from remorse. "We oughtn't to have done it. It's a judgment."

"Arst him."

After two more tremendous quarrels, Mr. and Mrs. Seugar sent an invitation to their landlord. They laid out a table of ham and cake and tea, and put a bottle of port wine on the sideboard. Mr. Seugar lit a whiff to make the hall smell, and went all over the house to be sure the landlord wasn't there already, and then walked up and down until he arrived.

He came at last, and gave a long hand to Mr. Seugar. "I hope you are comfortably settled. I ought to have come before, but I have been very busy. I must go and present my apologies to Mrs. S."

"We have been meaning to ask you a long time," said Mrs. Seugar.

"I go away so often," said the landlord.

"You live next door to people all your life and never see them," said Mrs. Seugar. "Yet someone from the other end of the earth, you keep running into. How long is it since you've spoken a word to the people in the fish shop next door, Henry?"

"This morning," said Mr. Seugar.

"Don't tell lies," Mrs. Seugar said. "Ten years more like it."

Mrs. Seugar drank a glass of port and went red. An evening of pleasure followed. Mr. and Mrs. Seugar were celebrating the normality of their landlord.

"Is a woman's life what you call over at forty-five?" asked Mrs. Seugar. "You work and what is there? You can't settle, you wish you could, but, no, you must be up looking out of the window. *You* have settled, you've got your books, you can read. I can't, it's daft. I can't *lose* myself in something. If I could lose myself!"

Their landlord looked at Mr. and Mrs. Seugar, and they could see he was appreciating them. Mrs. Seugar's voice went like a lawnmower running over the same strip of grass, up and down, up and down, catching Mr. Seugar like a stone in the cutters every now and then, and then running on again. They had a long conversation about boiler coke. It turned out that their landlord used anthracite, which did not affect the lungs, and Mr. Seugar said they had used paraffin at the shop in his father's time.

There was a pause in the conversation. The landlord looked at the clock and yawned. Presently, he knelt down, and the Seugars thought he was tying his boot laces. He was untying them. He took his shoes off, then his collar and tie, and unbuttoned his waistcoat. "If you will forgive me," he said, "I'll go to bed now. Don't let me break up this party. I'll just slip off. You know your rooms."

"Shh," said Mrs. Seugar when he had gone. "Say nothing. Listen."

Mr. and Mrs. Seugar sat like the condemned in their chairs. They heard their landlord go upstairs. They heard him walking on the floor above. Then, evidently, he discovered his mistake, for they heard him rush downstairs and out of the house, banging the door after him.

The following night, Mr. Seugar went up to their bedroom at nine o'clock

to get some matches and found their landlord fast asleep in their bed.

Service was always Mr. Seugar's motto. He bent slightly over the bed, rubbing his hands. "And the next pleasure?" he appeared to say.

Mrs. Seugar came in. When she saw their landlord lying in his shirt, half out of the bedclothes, she made one of her sudden strides forward, squared her chins and her cheeks, and made a grab at her husband's pajamas, which had been thrown on the bed. At the same time, she gave him a punch that sent him through the doorway, and threw the pajamas after him. "Take those things away," she said.

Mr. Seugar was an inhuman man; he was not sorry for himself but he was sorry for his pajamas. He picked them up. As he did this, he saw Mrs. Seugar settling into an attitude of repose and heaving her breath into position. From Mr. Seugar's point of view, on the fourth stair outside and on an eye level with his wife's ankle, never had Mrs. Seugar seemed more beautiful; it was as if she were eating something that agreed with her and that other people could not get.

"Where are yours?" whispered Mr. Seugar emotionally.

Mrs. Seugar never answered questions. Now she came out of the room and quietly closed the door. "So refined!" she said. "His mouth was shut."

Mr. Seugar shut his mouth at once. He and Mrs. Seugar had not slept apart for twenty-eight years, and, in a voice irrigated by what with him passed for feeling, Mr. Seugar mentioned this fact.

A new contralto voice came from Mrs. Seugar's bosom. "There are times," she said, "when a woman wants to be alone. I'll take the spare room."

And what Mrs. Seugar said she would take, she always took. In the spare room, she lay awake half the night going over the past twenty-eight years of her life with a toothcomb. You make your circumstances or they make you, she thought.

By "circumstances" she meant, of course, Mr. Seugar, who lay on the living-room sofa frivolously listening to the varying notes of the springs. An extraordinary dream came to him that night. He dreamed that thieves had removed the ham-and-bacon counter from his shop. At six o'clock, he woke up, put on an overcoat, and went up to what was, after all, his bedroom. Their landlord had gone. Mr. Seugar put his hand under one of the pillows and pulled out his wife's nightdress and threw it into the corner with his pajamas

HOMAGE TO TEXAS

It's seldom wise to generalize
About a state or city,
But Texan girls are decent girls,
As bold as they are pretty.

Who dared the enormous unicorn
Through lonely woods a-leaping?
Who made him halt and lower his horn
And crouch beside her, weeping?

Not Helen (wonder of her sex),
Nor Artemis, nor Pallas;
No, sir: a girl from Houston, Tex.,
Though some claim it was Dallas.

He told her, "Ma'am, your Lone-Star State,
Though maybe short on schooling,
Outshines the whole bright forty-eight"—
And so it did, no fooling.

—ROBERT GRAVES

when he had taken them off. Unfairness was what he hated.

"If I'd had had a different life," said Mrs. Seugar to her friends some while after this, "things would have been different for me. I sacrificed myself, but when you're young, you don't know what you're doing. I don't mean anything nasty against father, he's done what he could, it's wonderful considering . . ."

Mr. Seugar went and played bowls, as usual, when the shop closed for the day. He pitched the ball down the green, watching it as it rolled, and when it stopped, he called out, as usual, "How does that smell?"

The fishmonger at the other end called back, "Strong."

But what Mr. Seugar was really thinking as he pitched the ball was I lay he's in the kitchen making tea, or I lay a pound he's having a bath, or What you bet he's gone to bed? Mr. Seugar was a betting man by nature. He would bet anyone anything, only they did not know he was doing so. "It's a mug's game," Mr. Seugar said, knowing that he was a mug, and kept it to himself. He did not bet on the bowling green only; he bet while he was digging in the garden, turning around suddenly and looking at the windows of both houses to see if anything had happened while his back was

turned. A starling on the chimney would give him a start and he would stick the spade in the ground and go inside to see what had happened.

ONE day, when Mr. Seugar thought he had bet on everything his landlord could possibly do, he met him upstairs on the landing. "Are you being attended to?" asked Mr. Seugar, leaning forward over an imaginary counter as he spoke.

"Yes," said the landlord, and walked on, disregarding Mr. Seugar, as he always did, like a customer moving on.

"My wife is in the sitting room," said Mr. Seugar.

The landlord stopped and considered Mr. Seugar with astonishment. "Your wife!" he said.

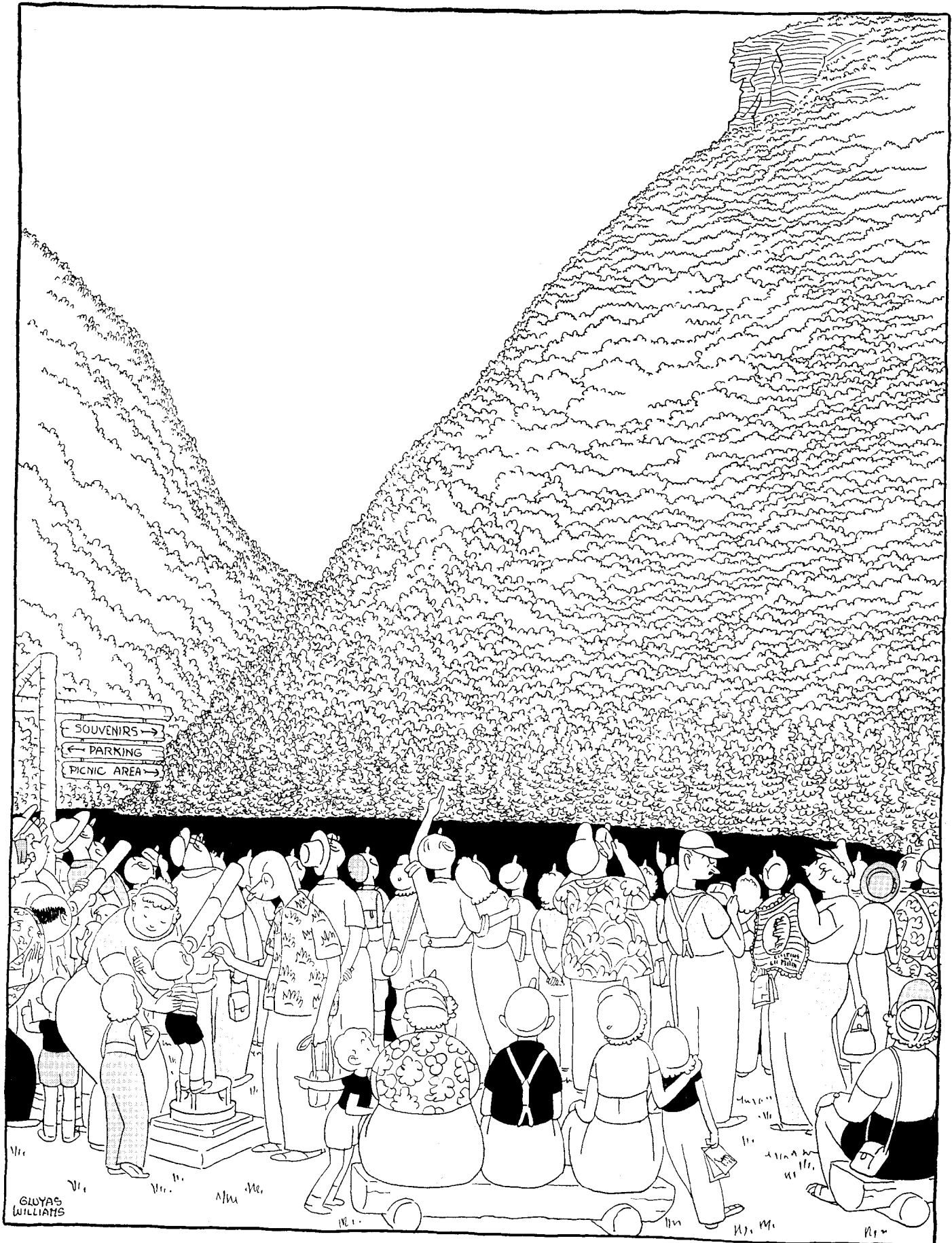
"Oh!" screamed Mr. Seugar—the scream was inside himself, in his soul, and not audible—"Oh!" he screamed. "The deception! I never thought of that."

He saw how he had been diddled. He went out into the garden and dug, dug, dug. Worm after worm turned in the damp soil. "I am mad," said Mr. Seugar. He dropped his spade and, pulling out his key, he opened his mouth, put on a fishlike expression, and went around to his landlord's house. He let himself in.

Out of the study came the landlord. "Good morning," the landlord said.

Mr. Seugar did not answer but marched up the stairs and had a bath. After that, he came down to the study. His landlord had gone, but Mr. Seugar sat there in front of the fire. Then, in order to annoy them next door, he poked the fire. —V. S. PRITCHETT





AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Franconia Notch—The Old Man of the Mountain

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A THOUSAND IS A LOT OF MONEY

ONE of the things Matt Chrostowski said to me when I first met him, one noontime a few weeks ago in Carpenter's, a water's-edge bar-and-grill at Matunuck, Rhode Island, was "A thousand dollars is certainly a lot of money, no matter how you get it." Then he took a slug out of a big glass of milk and, smiling, said, "But this swim may be a hard way to earn an easy dollar, at that." Chrostowski is a powerful fellow, six feet three inches tall and weighing two hundred and twenty pounds. He is soft-voiced and has a quick smile, a marked New England accent, and a completely honest, uncomplicated way of looking at things and the same way of talking about them. What he was talking about in Carpenter's place that day was the big swimming race, then about a week off, across part of Block Island Sound from Matunuck Beach to Block Island, a straight-line distance estimated by the Coast Guard, properly regarded as authoritative in such matters, at 13.7 miles. The James Hanley Company, of Providence, brewers of lager beer and ale, was sponsoring the race, which it hopes to make an annual affair, and was offering three thousand-odd dollars in prizes, of which a thousand was to go to the winner. The company had agreed that if nobody reached the island, the prize money would be distributed anyway, on the basis of first money to the swimmer who got closest to the island, and so on.

Block Island is a fragment of New England—technically a part of Newport County, far to the east, although it is nearer to Washington County, in which Matunuck lies. It is named after Adriaen Block, a Dutch sea captain who stopped off at the island on a voyage from what is now New York in 1614. Only about a thousand people live there in winter, but in summer vacationers crowd the place. So far as anyone knew, nobody had ever swum from the mainland to Block Island, or from Block Island to the mainland. There is a legend that a British sailor, a prisoner on the island during the War of 1812, escaped and swam to Matunuck, but that may be just talk that has been going around for a hundred and thirty-eight years.

"You know what I heard?" a man standing near Chrostowski and me said. "I heard a real comical one. I heard that a few years ago a fellow around

here made up his mind he'd swim over to Block Island. Well, he got a chum of his to row a dory alongside of him, and out they went into the sea, this fellow swimming and his chum rowing the boat. Everybody around here knows what swells and chops there can be out there between here and the island. Well, they say this fellow got halfway to the island, through all kinds of water. But then, by God, he looked at the boat, and there's his chum with the oars pulled in, leaning over the side with his head in his hands, and he's sick as a dog from them swells and all. And what does the swimmer have to do but climb into the boat and row his chum back to Matunuck! Now, there's a comical one for you, eh, Matt?"

"That is a funny one," Chrostowski agreed. "There's a lot of truth in it, though, I bet. Rowing over to the island is going to be pretty near as tough as swimming over. Maybe tougher, for all I know. I guess you could get sicker in the boat, don't you think?"

A fisherman among the customers at Carpenter's spoke up and surmised that nobody in the race would ever reach the island. "Unless they get there in a boat," he said. "I don't want to be discouraging to you, Matt, but the tides and currents out there is sometimes murder. I been out there hundreds of times, maybe thousands, and I can't tell to this day what I'm going to run into from one minute to the next."

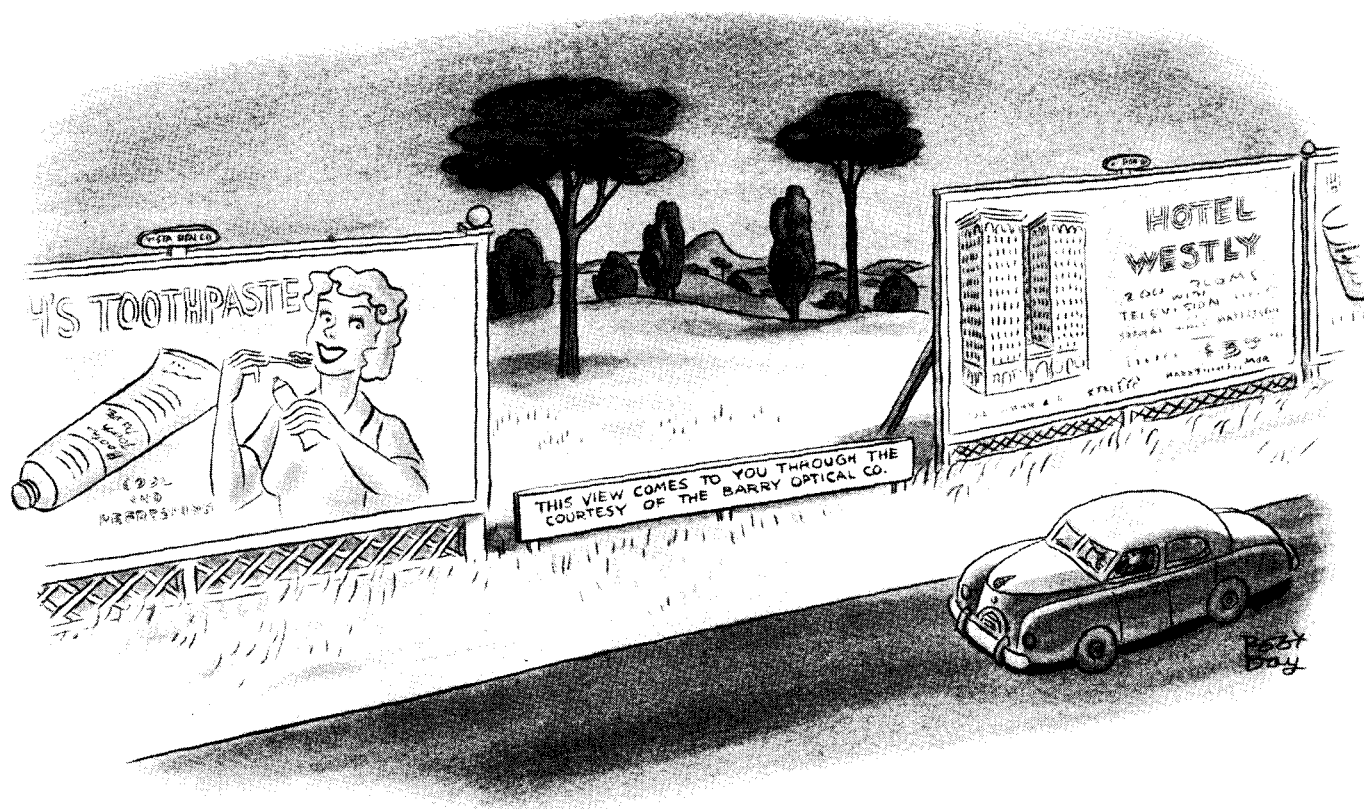
"Oh, I realize that, all right," Matt said, going industriously at another glass of milk. "But I can't help thinking

a thousand is certainly a lot of money, no matter how you get it."

IT happens that I spend most of the summer up near Matunuck, and that's how I came to meet Chrostowski, one of the entrants in the swim. And, not having much to do, I decided to hang around with him during his training period and perhaps go out to sea and watch him on the day of the race. During our chat at Carpenter's, Chrostowski invited me to what he called the "shack," next door, where he and his trainer were living while he was preparing for the big swim. It was indeed a shack—two rooms, counting the kitchen (no running water)—and since both Chrostowski and the trainer were men of the utmost casualness, the disorder of the place was undisturbed. The two small beds were in a well-seasoned state of rumpledness. In the shack, Chrostowski introduced me to his trainer, Captain Matthew Soltysiak, a good-looking, deeply tanned, muscular chap in his thirties, but, though ruggedly built, much smaller than Chrostowski. The Captain, I learned, was in the Air Force, and on vacation leave from his aerial-mapmaking job at Barksdale Field, Shreveport, Louisiana. With a jug of water he had heated in the kitchen, he was making Nescafé. Into it he was putting a white, powdery substance from a one-pound can. "This is a dextrose mixture they give to babies," he said. "A doctor in Providence said it would be the thing to feed Matt during the swim. It has yeast and iron in it. We tried it out the other night at supper, and Matt liked it. So—what the hell, it can't hurt him—he has it nearly every meal now, never mind waiting until he's in the water."

"Soltysiak's name is Matt, too, same as mine," said Chrostowski. "Isn't that a funny one, when you figure we've been pals ever since we were kids together in Providence? Sometimes our having the same name balls things up, though, so we call him Matthew and me Matt." They both roared with laughter, as if this were a superb joke. "Do you want to know something?" Chrostowski went on, sitting on the edge of one lumpy bed and sipping his Nescafé-plus-baby-food. "It's only by luck that I'm going to swim in the race and Matthew [he laughed] here is the trainer. You know, he was cap-





tain of the swimming team at Brown University. We used to swim together on the Olneyville Boys' Club team in Providence. Gee, that was a long time ago! I'm thirty-four now. Anyway, when it came out in the paper about this race, he was home on leave, and we both said here's our chance. A thousand bucks is a lot of money, you know. Well, old Matthew here said the way to do it was for one of us to swim and the other to be the trainer. We'd go fifty-fifty on the winnings, of course. So we tossed a half dollar, heads or tails, to see which would be which."

"Yes, and don't tell me you didn't win," Soltysiak broke in. "I got to row the damn boat. All you got to do is swim a little."

"You can't call fifteen or eighteen miles just swimming a little," Chrostowski protested earnestly. "To tell the truth," he continued to me, "I never swam more than five miles in my life. I was always a sprinter. But, believe me, for a thousand dollars I'd be willing to keep swimming day and night, I think." Soltysiak put his head out the door of the shack and looked at the weather. It was bright and sunny. "Let's get in some practice," he said. Chrostowski began changing into his swimming suit, and as he was doing so, he said to me, "I'll bet you can't

guess what I do for a living—now, you keep quiet, Matthew. Don't tell him." I said I couldn't guess. "I'm a baby-photographer," Chrostowski said, and boyishly waited for a look of surprise to come over my face, and it surely must have. Such a giant of a man in so gentle a calling was incongruous. "I've got a small firm in Providence," he added. "It's called Wee Tot Photos. We only take baby pictures. No fooling. I get along well with kids. I have two of my own. They're coming down from Providence for the big race."

"All right, big boy," the trainer yelled, "let's get out in the ocean! About four miles today, that's the ticket."

"O.K.," Chrostowski said. "Just let me get one more glass of milk."

The three of us left the shack together. Soltysiak was carrying something wrapped in a towel under his arm. "I want you to get used to eating and drinking in the water," he said to Chrostowski, "so I put some Nescafé in a Coke bottle and this towel around it to keep it warm." It occurred to me that this was a rather archaic method of keeping coffee hot. "Don't think you're going to see me rush head first into that water," Chrostowski said to me apologetically as we neared the surf. "I go in like an old lady. I don't like that cold

water. I have to wet my ankles first, and then my wrists, and then sprinkle my shoulders, and so on. Just like some old lady you see on the beach. Did you ever notice how there's always an awful lot of old ladies on beaches?"

"There's a few young cuties, too," said Soltysiak, with a worldly lift of his eyebrows.

"What a guy for women!" Chrostowski said to me. "Know what he calls girls? Calls them 'quail.' What a guy!"

Soltysiak had gone over to a dory perched on the sand and was skillfully launching it while Chrostowski, with enormous, lumbering timidity, stepped gingerly into about eight inches of water, stood there shuddering, dipped his hands and wrists, shuddered some more, sprinkled some water on his shoulders, and then reluctantly walked out to deep water and started swimming. A hundred yards out, he turned and, led by Soltysiak in the dory, took a course parallel to the beach. Walking along the water's edge, I kept pace with him. I was astonished to find that I had to step out smartly to stay even.

THE race was scheduled to start at five o'clock on a Saturday morning. On Thursday night, Chrostowski and I were in the shack, sitting on the



DREAMS OF GLORY

National Hero

two beds and gabbing. Trainer Soltysiak was next door at Carpenter's, jollying some quail. "Matthew says he has to do the beer-drinking for two these days, while I'm in training," Chrostowski was saying to me when a husky fellow in a T shirt, shorts, and sneakers came in. I had never seen him before, and it was plain that Chrostowski hadn't, either. The newcomer said hello and mumbled his name, and Chrostowski welcomed him, as he would welcome anybody. After a few preliminary nothings, the visitor lit a cigarette, leaned back against the wall (he was standing up because there were no chairs), and said, "It's lousy with sharks out there, they tell me."

Chrostowski blinked and looked at me. "I've never seen any," he said.

"I didn't see them—I just heard about them," the visitor said. "A man told me you fellows would be shark bait out there. That's what he told me. Old hand around here, the man was."

Chrostowski didn't argue with him; in fact, he hardly said anything. Obviously, he was impressed, though. In a

minute or two the visitor sauntered out, with another mumble for a farewell.

When, a short time later, Trainer Soltysiak dropped into the shack during a dull moment at Carpenter's, the sharks were the first thing Chrostowski mentioned to him. Soltysiak scoffed. "Who was the guy told you all this?" he asked.

"I don't know," Chrostowski said. "He said his name, but I didn't hear it, he talked so low."

"He talked loud enough about the sharks, the louse!" Soltysiak said. "Do you know who I think that cluck was? I think he was from one of the other camps. I mean he's tied up with some other guy in the race and wants to scare the bejeezus out of you, that's what! Don't pay any attention to him. There aren't any sharks out there, I'm telling you. And there aren't any rabbits and there aren't any wolves and there aren't any lions and tigers. Just waves."

"Oh, I didn't believe him—don't worry about that, Matthew," Chrostowski said. "I only thought I'd tell you, that's all."

"And even if there were sharks," Soltysiak continued, "it doesn't mean a thing. All you have to do is slap your hand down on the water and they'll get the hell out of there. Make a noise—that's all you have to do."

"But there aren't any out there anyway, are there, so what's the difference?" Chrostowski said.

"Naw, naw, no sharks. That bastard was just trying to throw a scare into you," the trainer said. "You get some sleep. I got to get over to Carpenter's. I told somebody I'd be right back."

ON Friday night, the eve of the scheduled start of the race, Chrostowski and I were again sitting in the shack talking. He wasn't talking much, but some. After one long silence, he said, "I'm going to tell you something. I got a scheme. For the race, I mean."

"You have?" I said.

"Yes, I have," he said quite solemnly. "And my scheme is this: You have to think of something, don't you, while this thing goes on, hour after hour? It may take us eleven, twelve hours to get over there. I don't want to be thinking about sharks or that kind of stuff."

"There aren't any sharks out there," I said.

"I know it," Chrostowski said. "What I mean is, I don't want my mind to be flying around every which way, getting me all tensed up. So here's my scheme. The minute I start swimming, I'm going to start thinking about a certain thing. I'm going to start thinking of every single detail of how I'm going to fix up a little summer place I got near Providence if we get the thousand bucks. Oh, I'll fix it up sooner or later anyway, even if we don't get the thousand, but right from the beginning of the swim I'm going to start my mind working on the summer place. I'm going to start from scratch. I'll start thinking. First I'll take down the side porch. Then I'll think about how I'll get a framework, and pour some concrete to make a foundation for a bigger porch. Then I'll think about how I'll take and lay some cross timbers, and a good floor for the porch. Then I'll see what I can do about screens. Isn't that a good idea, having something definite to think about all the time I'm swimming?"

"It certainly is," I said. "Keep your mind occupied."

"Fixing the summer place up will sure keep it occupied," he said. "There's enough to think about—every little detail—to last me eight hours, at least. Nine hours, maybe. We might make it

in that. Say, it's pretty near nine o'clock. I ought to hit the hay."

"That's right, tomorrow's the big day," I said. "By the way, I forgot something. Let me run out to the car a second." I had rummaged around the house my wife and I were living in and found two old but still usable thermos bottles. I got them from the car and gave them to Chrostowski. "Say!" he said. "That's a great idea! Thermos bottles! That's a great idea!" The way he said it, a person would have thought thermos bottles had been invented two days before. "Matter of fact, we've got a couple at home, for picnics with the kids, but I never thought about them." He got ready to turn in, and I went home and set the alarm clock for a quarter to four.

SAVE for the unfailing beauty of dawn at the edge of the sea, the next morning was an unholy mess. I got to Chrostowski's shack at half past four. He already had his swimming trunks on, and Soltysiak was in the tiny kitchen making ham sandwiches and heating water for the Nescafé-dextrose mixture. The main room was jammed. A couple of old Providence cronies of the two men were surging around—as much as anyone could surge in such a cubicle. "Matt, old boy," one of them kept saying, over and over, "we got a hundred and thirteen dollars on you! A hundred and thirteen dollars!" "I'll do the best I can," Chrostowski would answer each time.

Dr. Clifford Burdick, of Brookline, Massachusetts, a summer resident of a nearby beach, was looking Chrostowski over. "He's in real good shape," he said.

"Will I put the cap on, Doc? Now, I mean?" Chrostowski asked, picking up a bright-yellow bathing cap. The Doctor said yes, and after it was on, he adjusted a pair of goggles over Chrostowski's eyes and sealed them with collodion, to make the fit absolutely watertight. Soltysiak said "Let's go," and we all left the shack and headed up the beach toward four pyramidal tents, which had been put up for the race officials near the starting point. Chrostowski marched along calmly, a little crowded now and then by the two hundred-and-thirteen-dollar fellows, who had been up all night, with bottled assistance.

There must have been fifteen hundred people on the beach. It had rained during the night, and a slowly clearing mist hung over the sea. In the gray

light, fifteen or twenty craft of varying sizes could be seen a few hundred yards out, riding on the gentle swell. There were two Coast Guard boats, half a dozen commercial fishing boats—from two nearby fishing villages with the beautiful names of Jerusalem and Galilee—and a few privately owned powerboats. Farther out at sea, one ship, perhaps another commercial fishing boat, loomed up weirdly, like some ancient trireme. On the beach, scattered here and there, were about ten dories. The crowd, unlike most crowds, seemed to make no noise. Maybe it was because the sound of the surf was louder than the voices.

The official tents were a bedlam. The promoters had failed to install a loud-speaker system, so the only way to issue orders was to send someone around with a message. And nobody knew exactly where anybody else was. So it was "Hey, Joe, see if you can find Eddie and tell him that—" and "Where's Jerry? Go find him, somebody. We haven't got enough dories," and "Where's that swimmer from Canada that somebody told me his wife is going to have a baby today, where is he?" None of the officials wore any insignia; they were distinguishable only by their harassed look. There was no head or tail to the whole thing. And grease everywhere. If there's one thing fixed in the popular mind about these long swims, it's that grease has a lot to do with them. It's fixed in the minds of most swimmers, too. Swimmers covered with white grease or black grease elbowed their way through the crowd, looking for officials or trainers and leaving a trail of smears on the rain-coats, sweaters, and dresses of the bystanders.

Thirty-two entrants—both men and women—had showed up for the swim. There were all manner of types among them. Some were pathetic in their obvious physical inadequacy for such an arduous undertaking. And, it seemed, the more inadequate their physical gifts, the more lavish they were with the grease. I came upon two slim little women standing forlornly outside one tent, apparently at a loss as to what to do. One was in a bathing suit and greased from head to foot. She was shivering in the chill dawn. The other was fully dressed. I spoke to them and learned that they were nurses in a hospital in Attleboro, Massachusetts. "They promised us to have a boat and somebody to row it," the non-swimmer said sadly. "They

haven't got a boat and they haven't got anybody to row it. What do you think we ought to do?"

"It's an awfully hard swim," I said.

"Yes," the swimming nurse said with a rush of dolorous courage. "But the first prize is a thousand dollars. Even third prize is two hundred and fifty."

I could offer no helpful advice, so I strolled away to another tent, where Chrostowski was putting on some grease. "I don't think it helps very much," he said. "It's going to be cold in there anyway. I'll just use a little." He stuck a sizable dab of white vaseline on his tongue. "This stuff tastes awful," he said, "but the sun and the water sometimes swell your tongue up on a long swim, they tell me, so that's that."

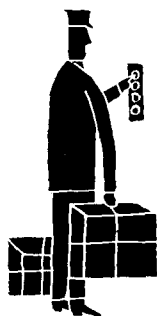
The scurrying around became more and more disconcerting. Five o'clock, the official starting time, was long past, and the start was not shaping up at all. By six-thirty, the situation in the official tents was beyond hope. No more dories had arrived. The swimmers, milling around in their grease, had found still another point to be confused about: They were not at all certain where the finish line of the race was to be. The nearest spot on Block Island was a neck of sand appropriately called Sandy Point. But word flew among the restless swimmers that Sandy Point was *not* the finish; the finish, it was said, was a mile or two farther on, at the dock of the Pier 76 Yacht Club, which is the fancy name of a Block Island bar-and-grill. Thus, the race was to start at one bar-and-grill, Carpenter's, and, if rumor was correct, end at another. "The greatest gin-mill-to-gin-mill marathon ever swum!" I heard one man say.

Under the circumstances, it was no doubt with secret joy that the distraught officials saw a quick fog descend upon the sea at about six-thirty-five. They gathered, almost furtively, behind one of the tents for a few minutes, and then one of their number went to the tent where most of the swimmers were standing around. "The Coast Guard says that this fog makes the swim too dangerous," he announced. "The race is postponed until six-ten tomorrow morning. The Hanley Company will pay overnight expenses for all contestants." There was nothing to do but accept the postponement.

"How we going to get all this grease off?" two or three of the swimmers asked.

"There's the ocean, right out there," someone answered. "Go in and swim it off."

Fifteen hundred or so spectators



straggled away, thirty-two disconsolate-looking swimmers started scraping grease off themselves, and eventually Chrostowski, Soltysiak, and I went back to the shack. It was the only time during our acquaintance that I saw Chrostowski slightly out of sorts.

THE unhappy officials were vastly less unhappy the next morning. The start went off with a fair resemblance to clockwork. Each swimmer had a dory to accompany him, the day promised fair, the tides seemed not too bad, and the water was fifty-six degrees. At half past six, only twenty minutes late, the swimmers, thirty-one of them—a sixteen-year-old boy from Mystic, Connecticut, had dropped out—went into the water. (Chrostowski, sure enough, again went in like an old lady.) Several hundred yards beyond the surf, the fleet of fishing and motor boats was spread out, waiting to patrol the course, however erratic the course might be. It was only slightly foggy and visibility was reasonably good. Not good enough to see Block Island, though. Those of us who frequent the beaches around Matunuck are accustomed to see this somewhat eerie island vanish and reappear at the whim of the weather on summer days. One minute it is lost in fog and mist, and the next it gleams brightly beneath the Atlantic sun.

The swimmers started out ploddingly. Chrostowski seemed in no great hurry as he went into the Australian crawl, which he and most of the other swimmers used. The dories, loaded with thermos bottles and towels, and some of them with suitcases (presumably containing street clothes to be worn in triumph on Block Island), waited a short distance out. There was remarkably little confusion as each dory singled out its swimmer, approached him, and then led him out to sea. The motor fleet started to move, too, at the slowest possible speed and well away from the swimmers. The Coast Guard had ordered all powerboats to keep at least two hundred yards from the men and women in the water. For ten minutes or so, the crowd, again numbering around fifteen hundred, watched while these hopeful seekers of a thousand bucks (and a picture in the newspapers) went arm over arm into the ground swells. Then the spectators ambled off, many of them to Carpenter's, to fend off any ill effects that standing around in the morning chill might have had. I dropped in, too. "Just before they left,

I gave Soltysiak a full bottle of Courvoisier," Arthur Carpenter told me. "For Matt, in case he gets a chill. Or maybe Soltysiak will get tired rowing and need a jolt. I'm going over to the island myself this afternoon."

Dr. Burdick and I had arranged with a young friend of mine, Miss Ann Kenyon, to go out in her powerboat, a sturdy craft of the type used by Maine lobstermen, to see what we could see during the swim. Some time around nine o'clock, after a stop for breakfast, we set out from Jerusalem, where she kept her boat. The swimmers had then been in the water more than two and a half hours. The day had turned clear and fine, and out in Block Island Sound we could see for miles. The



swimmers, swung by the tides, were spread out for several miles by the time we reached them. We finally spotted Chrostowski by his yellow cap and by the rhythm of his swimming, a pattern I had become familiar with through watching him practice. When we were a good distance away, we cut the motor and let the boat drift to within hailing distance. I hollered to Soltysiak, "How's he doing?" The reply was indistinct, but I could clearly hear the word "god-dam" in it. After two or three repeats, I made it out. "The goddam brandy made him sick, but he's all right now!" he shouted. "I gave him some brandy and coffee. He threw it up. He's doing fine!"

The swell at that point was heavy. Not being a seafaring man, I don't know how swells are measured; this one was gentle but high—maybe eight or ten feet from troughs to crests. We left Chrostowski and went cruising about, and a few minutes later a Coast Guard boat pulled alongside us and an officer appeared on deck. "Would you mind picking up that dory over there?" he asked, pointing to a small boat with two men in it, a couple of hundred yards away. We idled over to the dory. In the stern was sitting as woebegone a fat man as I have seen lately. He was holding his head in his hands, and he was ill. A lean boatman was sitting idle at the oars. As we drew near, we could see that the fat man was clad only in ordinary shorts, not swimming trunks, and that they were torn. "He got sick!" the boatman yelled to us. "The swell was too much for him. I had to pull him in and quit the race. Can you tow us to Block Island? The poor guy sent his clothes over there ahead of him." The fat man, otherwise busy, never looked up at us. The outline of

his adipose figure was very, very sad.

Towing the dory to Block Island took nearly an hour. After we had cast off the hapless fat man, we thought of rushing back to the main body of swimmers, but with all our cruising around it was getting near noon—lunchtime. And, to tell the truth, Dr. Burdick and Miss Kenyon and I were forced to agree that there isn't much to see in a long-distance swimming race. We tossed over the anchor and had a leisurely lunch.

About one o'clock, we headed back toward the swimmers and searched out the dory accompanying Chrostowski. He'd then been in the water close to six and a half hours, and his arms were swinging in a somewhat slower cadence. "He's doing fine! Where are all the other guys?" Soltysiak yelled to us.

"Spread all around!" I yelled back. It was inadequate, but the best I could do, and we cruised on.

Suddenly, a little before two o'clock, Block Island was up to its old tricks again, wrapping itself in a deep fog. It happened in a matter of minutes. Abruptly, the clear sunshine turned into a filmy, draperylike mist, then into a gray shroud that grew deeper and deeper. We were four or five miles off the island. We could no longer see anybody or anything more than twenty yards away. Miss Kenyon thought we had better get the hell over to the mainland, and quick. On the way, we kept a sharp lookout for swimmers and dories, but saw not a single one. It was hopeless to go looking for Chrostowski.

Back in Jerusalem, at about four o'clock, we heard a radio announcement. "All the swimmers in the Block Island race have been taken from the water, on order of the judges," the radio said. "Fog ended the race at ten minutes to two, when the nearest swimmers were about two miles from Sandy Point. At that time, some of the swimmers could not be seen from their own dories because of the fog. Eleven swimmers were still in the water when the race ended."

That night, I went down to Carpenter's. Arthur Carpenter, just returned from Block Island, told me the latest news. "They gave Matt third," he said. "They made him get out of the water at quarter past three, although he didn't want to. He was about three miles from the island. His tongue was swollen something terrible. All right otherwise, though." Chrostowski had been in the water eight and three-quarters hours. Tom Park, the man from Canada whose wife had had a baby the day be-



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fore, had been given first place, Carpenter said, and Charles Grover, a Harvard University swimmer, second, which was worth five hundred dollars. And, for third, Chrostowski and Soltysiak would get two hundred and fifty dollars. There was considerable debate at the bar on the question of how first, second, and third places had been determined. Chrostowski's supporters contended that although the race had been officially ended at 1:50 P.M., the extra hour and twenty-five minutes that Matt was in the water before he could be found in the fog and ordered out should count for something. Also, they argued that the relative nearness of the swimmers to Block Island could not be ascertained in the murk. But the decision of the judges had to be accepted, and, of course, no proof whatever could be adduced by anyone who disagreed with them.

I SAW Chrostowski the next day. His tongue was no longer swollen. Soltysiak, who was with him, was a little sore about the way the race had ended. "Matt would have made it," he said confidently. "The salt water and the sun swelled his tongue up, but that wasn't serious. You know, every time he'd turn his head up for air and open his mouth to gulp it in, why, the sun would hit his tongue, and, you might say, it sunburned the hell out of it." Chrostowski was disappointed, too, but sporting. "Maybe I was better than third," he said. "The fellows say I was. But it's over. Say! You should have seen my two kids. They and my wife met me on the island. Here's a funny one. You know what they yelled the minute they saw me? 'Hey, Dad,' they hollered. 'You still going to get us the bikes?' I promised them bikes if I won. Oh, well, I'll get them the bikes. I wish I'd won the thousand, but, even at that, two-fifty is something."

—JOHN McNULTY

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THE RACE TRACK

Comeback



THE event of the week was, of course, the victory of Hill Prince last Saturday in the American Derby. From all accounts, the race, which was run at Washington Park, in Chicago, followed the well-known Hill Prince pattern. He left the starting gate slowly and lumbered along for the first half of the mile and a quarter; then, settling into his full stride, he went around his field, caught the leaders a furlong from home, and won comfortably. All Blue, to whom he gave twelve pounds, was second and Your Host was third. Nine ran. As an old Hill Prince man, I can do a little rooftop shouting over this performance. It stacks up with his best last autumn and this spring. He ran the ten furlongs in 2:01 $\frac{1}{5}$ —less than a second slower than the track record—and it's something of a feat to come out cold, after two months of resting, and do that; most horses need a race to warm them up. Now that Hill Prince is in form again, I hope his stable won't give him a great deal to do—not right off, at any rate. You may remember that last spring Jack Campbell, the Jockey Club's handicapper, rated Middleground two pounds better than Hill Prince. The other day, Campbell assigned Hill Prince top weight of a hundred and twenty-eight pounds—two pounds more than Middleground—for last Monday's Discovery Handicap at Aqueduct. Neither horse ran, but in the official handicapper's book, at least, Hill Prince is the best three-year-old.

FOR a month now, it has been the firm conviction of a great many horse-watchers, including your correspondent, that Battlefield is the best two-year-old. Well, he wound up his stay at Saratoga Springs by winning the Hopeful Stakes as easily as his fussiest backer could have wished. A few curmudgeons insisted that he was lucky to find an opening near the rails as the field turned into the stretch. This is true, but I'm sure that even if there hadn't been a hole for him to skip through, he would have won anyhow. As for the others, Battle Morn, who was second, lost some ground going around the last turn, but no more than he lost when he won the Grand Union Hotel Stakes. Big Stretch, who was third, didn't seem to mind the slippery footing, which followed one of Sara-

toga's better rainstorms, but Black Douglas did. He came in sixth.

THE other sweepstakes at Saratoga last week can be dealt with briefly. Busanda caught Next Move in the last furlong of the Alabama Stakes and won by a neck, a not altogether surprising occurrence in view of the fact that Next Move was giving Busanda eighteen pounds. However, there seemed to be a feeling in some quarters that Next Move's jockey should not have kept looking over his shoulder at the horses behind him. There's no doubt that most jockeys have this bad habit, which throws a horse off balance, but nothing can be done about it till the boys are equipped with rear-view mirrors. . . . At the risk of stirring up the sentimentalists who dote on distance racing, I must say that the Saratoga Cup, which was won by Cochise, brought out as fine a collection of sprinters as you ever saw trying to last out a mile and three-quarters. It wasn't a bad show, though. . . . The most popular winner of the meeting was Elkridge, who led all the way in the Saratoga Steeplechase on Friday. The applause as he came down to the winning post was tremendous. I suppose it would hardly be fair to call Elkridge the Szymie of the steeplechasers, since he is a remarkable animal in his own right, but the two horses have some things in common. For one, they're both pretty old and wealthy. In case you don't know, Elkridge is twelve, has started in a hundred and twelve jumping races, and has won thirty-one of them. If memory serves, he has fallen only once. He has earned \$233,055—more prize money than any other jumper anywhere. He is owned and trained by Kent Miller, who, as I may have mentioned before, rewards him with sugar buns whenever he runs well.

—AUDAX MINOR

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[From the Philadelphia Bulletin]

Drew Pearson is no vacation. This column was written by members of his staff.



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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

A RIDE THROUGH SPAIN

CERTAINLY the train was old. The seats sagged like the jowls of a bulldog; windowpanes were out, and strips of adhesive held together those that were left; in the corridor a prowling cat appeared to be hunting mice, and it was not unreasonable to assume that his search would be rewarded. Slowly we crept out of Granada. The southern sky was as white and burning as a desert; in it was a single, tiny cloud. I was going to Algeciras, a Spanish seaport facing the coast of Africa. In my compartment there were five people, all told. One was a middle-aged Australian wearing a soiled linen suit; he had tobacco-colored teeth, and his fingernails were broken and dirty. Presently he informed us that he was a ship's doctor. It seemed odd, there on the dry, dour plains of Spain, to meet someone connected with the sea. Then, there were two women, a mother and daughter. The mother was an overstuffed, dusty woman with sluggish, disapproving eyes and a faint mustache. The focus for her disapproval shifted from place to place. First, she eyed me rather strongly, because, as the sunlight fanned brighter, waves of heat blew through the broken windows and I removed my jacket—which she must have considered, perhaps rightly, discourteous. Later on, she took a dislike to the third man in our compartment, a young soldier. The soldier and the woman's not very discreet daughter, a buxom girl with the scrappy features of a prizefighter, seemed to have tacitly agreed to flirt. Whenever the wandering cat appeared at our door, the daughter pretended to be frightened, and the soldier gallantly shooed the cat into the corridor; this byplay gave them frequent opportunities to touch each other.

The young soldier was one of many on the train. With their tasselled caps set at snappy angles, they hung about in the corridors smoking sweet, black cigarettes and laughing confidentially. They seemed to be having a good time, and apparently this was wrong of them, for when an officer appeared, they would stare fixedly out the windows, as though enraptured by the landslides of red rock, the olive fields, and the stern mountains. Their officers were dressed

for a parade—many ribbons, much brass, and some wore gleaming, improbable swords strapped to their belts. They did not mix with the soldiers but sat together in a first-class compartment, looking bored and rather like unemployed actors. The compartment ahead of mine had been taken over by one family—a delicate, attenuated, exceptionally elegant man with a mourning ribbon sewed around his sleeve, and six thin, summery girls, his daughters. The girls, who resembled their father, were beautiful, all of them, and in the same way: hair that had a dark shine, lips the color of pimientos, eyes like sherry. In age, they ranged from about fourteen to twenty-one. The soldiers would glance into their compartment, then look away. It was as if they had seen straight into the sun.

Whenever the train stopped, the man's two youngest daughters, carrying parasols, would descend from the carriage and stroll under their shade. They enjoyed many lengthy promenades, for the train spent the greater part of its time standing still. No one appeared to be exasperated by this except me. Several passengers seemed to have friends at every station with whom they could sit, usually around a fountain, and gossip long and lazily. One old woman was met by little groups in a dozen or so towns. Between these encounters, she wept, and with such abandon that the Australian

doctor eventually became alarmed and asked, in Italian, if he could help her. Why, no, she said, there was nothing he could do; it was just that seeing all her relatives made her so happy.

At each stop, cyclones of barefooted women and more or less naked children ran the length of the train,

sloshing earthen jars of water and furrily squalling "Agua! Agua!" For two pesetas, you could buy a whole basket of dark, runny figs, and there were trays of curious white-coated candy doughnuts that looked as though they should be eaten by young girls wearing Communion dresses. Toward noon, having collected a bottle of wine, a loaf of bread, a sausage, and a small cheese, I was prepared for lunch. My companions in the compartment were



hungry, too. Packages were produced, wine was uncorked, and for a while there was a pleasant, almost graceful festiveness. The soldier shared a pomegranate with the girl, the Australian told an amusing story, the witch-eyed mother pulled a paper-wrapped fish from her bosom and ate it with a glum relish.

Afterward, everyone was sleepy; the doctor went so solidly to sleep that a fly meandered undisturbed over his open-mouthed face. Stillness etherized the whole train. In the next compartment, the lovely girls leaned against one another loosely, like six exhausted geraniums. Even the cat had ceased to prow and lay dreaming in the corridor. We had climbed higher; the train moseyed across a plateau of rough yellow wheat, then between the granite walls of deep ravines, where strange, thorny trees quivered in the wind moving down from the mountains. Once, at a parting in the trees, there was something I'd wanted to see—a castle on a hill. It sat there like a crown.

IT was a landscape for bandits. Earlier in the summer, a young Englishman I know (rather, know of) had been motoring through this part of Spain when, on the lonely side of a mountain, his car was surrounded by swarthy scoundrels. They robbed him, then tied him to a tree and tickled his throat with the blade of a knife. I was thinking of this when, without preface, a spatter of gunfire strafed the dozy silence. It was a machine gun. The train, with a wounded creak, slowed to a halt. For a moment, there was no sound except the machine gun's cough. Then, in a loud, dreadful voice, I said, "Bandits!"

"Bandidos!" screamed the daughter.

"Bandidos!" echoed her mother, and the terrible word swept through the train.

The result was slapstick in a grim key. All of us in the compartment collapsed on the floor, one cringing heap of arms and legs, except for the mother, who kept her head. She stood up and systematically stashed away her treasures. She stuck a ring into the bun of her hair, and, without shame, hiked up her skirts and dropped a pearl-studded comb into her bloomers. Airy twitterings of distress came from the charming girls in the next compartment. In the corridor, the officers bumped about, yapping orders and knocking into one another.

Suddenly, within the train, silence. Outside, there was the murmur of wind

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in the leaves, of voices. Just as the weight of the doctor's body was becoming too much for me, the outer door of our compartment swung open and a young man stood there. He did not look clever enough to be a bandit. "*Hay un médico en el tren?*" he asked, smiling.

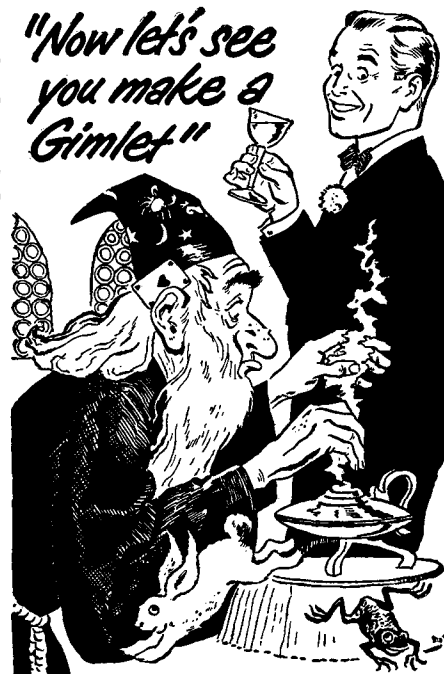
The Australian, removing his elbow from my stomach, climbed to his feet. "I'm a doctor," he admitted, dusting himself. "Has someone been wounded?"

"*Sí, señor.* An old man. He is hurt in the head," said the Spaniard, who was not a bandit, alas, but merely another passenger.

Getting back in our seats, the rest of us listened, expressionless with embarrassment, to the story of what had happened. It seemed that for the last several hours an old man had been stealing a ride by clinging to the rear of the train. Just now, he'd lost his hold, and a soldier, seeing him fall, had started firing a machine gun as a signal for the engineer to stop the train. My only hope was that no one remembered who had first mentioned bandits. There was no indication that anyone did. The doctor, after acquiring a clean shirt of mine to use as a bandage, went off to his patient, and the mother, turning her back with sour prudery, reclaimed her pearl comb.

Her daughter, the soldier, and I got out of the carriage and strolled under the trees of a small wood that smelled of oranges, where many of the passengers had gathered to discuss the incident. Two more soldiers appeared, carrying the old man. My shirt had been wrapped around his head. They propped him under a tree, and all the women clustered about, vying with each other to lend him a rosary; someone brought a bottle of wine, which pleased him more. He seemed quite happy, and moaned a great deal. Some children from the train circled around him, giggling. A path led to a shaded promontory, from which one looked across a valley where sweeping stretches of scorched golden grass shivered as though the earth were trembling. Admiring the valley and the shadowy changes of light on the hills beyond, the six sisters, escorted by their elegant father, sat on the grass with their parasols raised above them, like guests at a *fête champêtre*. The soldiers moved around them in a vague, ambitious manner; they did not dare to approach, though one brash, sassy fellow went to the edge of the promontory and called, "*Yo te quiero mucho!*" The words

*"Now let's see
you make a
Gimlet"*



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returned with the hollow sub-music of a perfect echo, and the sisters, blushing, looked more deeply into the valley.

A LARGE cloud, sombre as the rocky hills, had massed in the sky, and the grass below was stirring like the sea before a storm. Someone said he thought it would rain. But no one wanted to go, including the injured man, who was well on his way through a second bottle of wine, and the children, who, having discovered the echo, stood happily carolling into the valley. It was like a party, and we all drifted back to the train as though each of us wished to be the last to leave. The old man, with my shirt like a grand turban on his head, was put into a first-class carriage, and several eager ladies attended him.

In our compartment, the dusty mother, who had not seen fit to join the party, sat just as we had left her. She gave me a long, glittering look. "Bandidos!" she said, with a surly, unnecessary vigor. The train moved on so slowly that butterflies blew in and out the windows.

—TRUMAN CAPOTE

If the contra-fifth clang coming after the tonic appeared like proceeding in the opposite direction beyond the uniting point of harmonic reference (pressing down below the level in major, forcible drawing upwards in minor), therefore, in a measure, as a step in the sense of the contrary clang principle (the contra-fifth is *under-fifth* of the *major tonic* and *upper-fifth* of the *minor tonic*), we cannot be surprised, if, beside the fifth of the contra-side, also the third of that side be used, and the complete *contra-clang* be placed in juxtaposition to the tonic, so that, in place of the direct relatives of the overtone series, the direct ones of the undertone series appear in company with the prime, and conversely.—"Harmony Simplified," by Hugo Riemann.

You're *oversimplifying*, Riemann.

PROFESSIONAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From a publication of the National Industrial Conference Board]

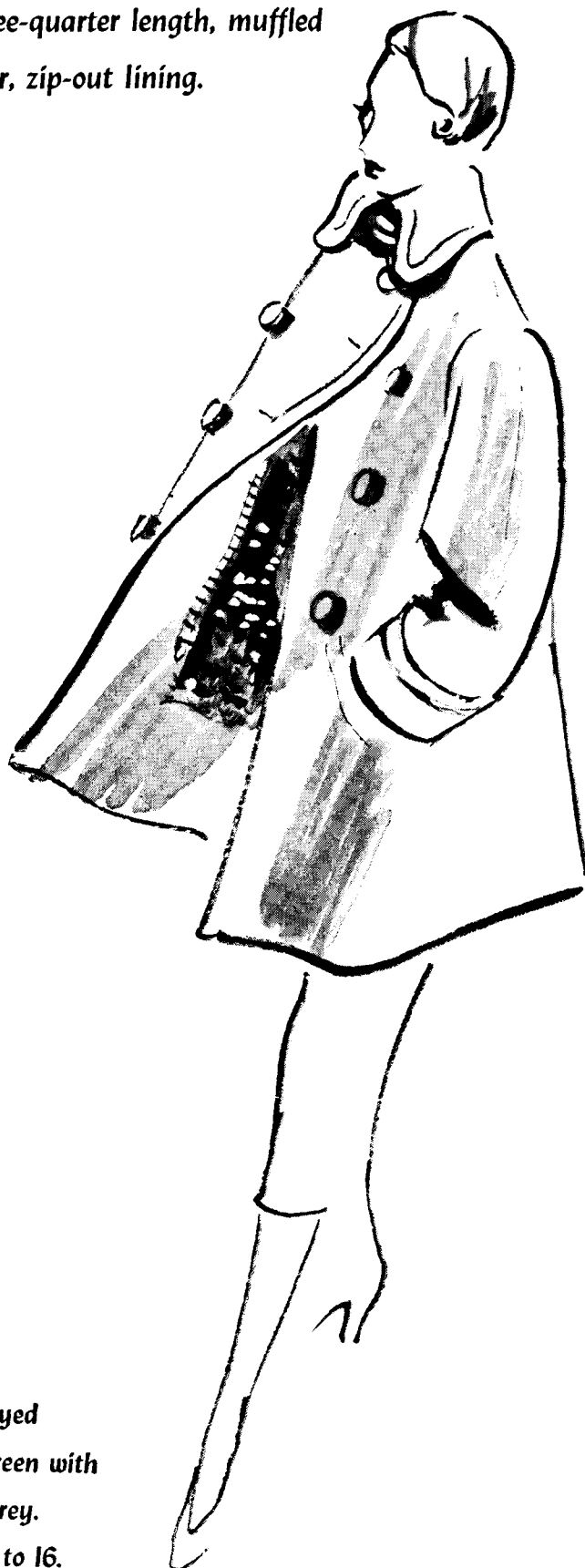
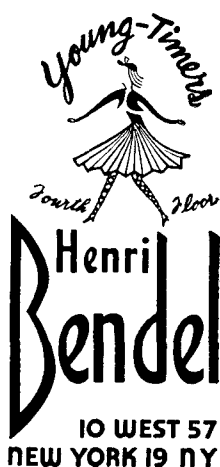
The Professional Pallbearers Association, passing up amalgamation with the AFL's gravediggers or the AFL's casket makers, voted 100% to join the AFL as a separate unit. Object of the Professional Pallbearers Association will be to make all funerals union funerals with relatives and friends permitted to act only as honorary pallbearers. Members must be six feet tall, weight 180 pounds and fit into a size 40 suit. Union pallbearing rates vary with the dress. For sugar-scooped coat and diplomat-striped trousers, it's \$4; grey flannel is \$3.50; and in ordinary blues, \$3.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



LONDON, AUG. 23

IT requires no great amount of research to discover that modern women consider their clothes not only a covering but an excellent means of self-expression. You need not be a Margaret Mead to realize that clothes are a key to much more than the status and role of women; they are a key to the individual qualities and quirks of the wearers. An even slightly perceptive observer can tell whether a woman is dressing herself to look brisk or languid, austere or bold, harried or serene, flirtatious or aloof. (It takes a more practiced eye to detect the qualities she may be attempting to conceal.) This passion for self-expression means that fashion is in a constant state of evolution, to say nothing of a state of adaptation.

Some morning, therefore, when everyone is free, I'd like to trace the history (with bibliographical notes, naturally) of, say, the suit, from the time women decided to borrow from men the blue serge, a severe garment intended to convey a suggestion of responsibility and seriousness, if not downright solemnity. In the generations since the blue serge suit became a skirt and jacket, it has gone through a good many changes, and the businessman look has, inch by inch, been whittled away. After a study of the new British fashion shows, I can report that the London designers, who have probably had more experience with women's suits than anyone else in the world, are now turning out tailored clothes that have lost all traces of stern resolution. Some of them are so pretty that they should immediately doom those thick-waisted jackets that women in this country have been wearing for years not only around country clubs but in offices.

The British have never been obsessed by the French and American belief that any status quo in fashion is intolerable and must be altered before the next season rolls around. When they do change, they are calm

about it. "Steady" and "reliable" and "sound" are still the words that come to their minds when they speak of a new style. And it is safe to assume that any shift in British fashion is not simply a whim. When Peter Russell turns out a casual tweed town suit and gives it soft, dressmaker sleeves, it is clear that the day of the implacable, stiff-lapelled jacket is over, even in the hinterlands. And when the hand-knitted sweaters at the Women's Home Industries show have small bows and other foibles that a few years ago would have been considered a revelation of a weakness of character, a basic if not radical change has obviously taken place. None of this has been done just for laughs or for excitement, and all of it can be swallowed whole, without benefit of a grain of salt. Anyone who buys a suit (or a dress) from a London couturier may not be overwhelmed by the giddy, lightheaded emotion that comes with exhilarating change, but at least she will know that for many months she needn't worry about suddenly looking behind the times. And she will be reassured by hearing Digby Morton, who, if anyone in England does, makes

what can be termed smart, sophisticated clothes, say that his new coats are "perhaps reminiscent of the elegant, timeless topcoats that are always associated with Her Majesty Queen Mary."

This British reluctance to venture into anything new and strange is perhaps a result of an absorbing interest in fit and line and the making of fabrics that drape well and move well. British clothes almost invariably look graceful in motion, which cannot be said for a good many of the narrow skirts around Manhattan or for a large percentage of the backs of American suits and dresses. Glittering inspiration is not the reason for a baratheia jacket that will accommodate the movements of the muscles of one's back and still sit well across the shoulders; such an accomplishment requires experience and a savage devotion to fit. Charles Creed, who must have begun his education in fashion at the age of three (his grandfather started the house of Creed), seems to have no trouble making a suit skirt that hangs straight and slim but, at the first step of its wearer, wings out grandly at the back right to give a flexible but smooth line, even when he uses the heaviest,



"Let's step over to the window and see how it looks in the daylight."

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THE same deliberate thoroughness and precision govern the fashion openings, no matter how crowded the premises in which they are run off. There is rarely anything impish about a London showing of day clothes. (Evening clothes are another story.) They start on time. The names and numbers of dresses are clearly announced, and sometimes, as at Mattli's showings, the names of the mannequins. There are printed programs, with a capsule description of every garment and credits not only for the accessory people but for the textile manufacturers. Even their addresses are given, a procedure that would be thought suicidal in New York. To top all, there are sheets of sketches, something that in France would instantly cause the government to fall. The press releases are largely factual and rarely adjectival. No one interrupts a show once it opens; no one backstage shrieks frantically at the workroom personnel as the spectators try to catch an announcement. And a show is over in an hour, or less.

In the majority of the British houses, the clothes are modelled by tall, well-rounded girls, many of them five feet nine and weighing up to nine stone (a hundred and twenty-six pounds, that is), and some of them with hips that are not exactly the Hollywood ideal. On such mannequins, the short new English skirts (seventeen inches from the floor) look no more extreme than the familiar fourteen-inchers. One London designer says that the British model needn't have what he calls a "divine figgah," but she must stand tall, like a tree, and have a tiny waist. Hereabouts a tiny waist is twenty-one inches; the twenty-three-inch waist American women are struggling toward already belongs to the British general public.

IT seems strange to see entire collections without one scrap of fur until one discovers that while the purchase tax on most clothes is thirty-three and a third per cent, adding fur boosts it to a hundred per cent. Therefore, practically all fur trimming is detachable; at Helena Geffers' show, in the custom department of Dickens & Jones, the audience was shown how small spots of fur—a pocket, for instance—can be snapped on.

There are other odds and ends worth noting. The Parisian twist to the big,



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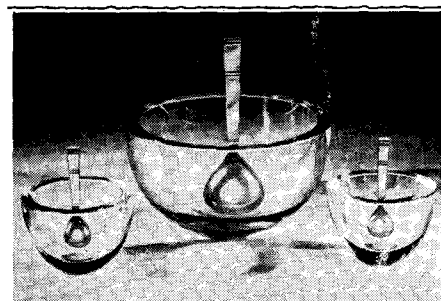
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H. NILS HANDWROUGHT
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soft-colored scarves that push out at the top of the necklines of the coats and suits at Worth seem out of context until one learns that the designer is Elspeth Champcommunal, who is French and worked for years in Paris. The same background is discernible in the dinner suits of Jacqueline Vienne, sister of Roseviene of Paris. I still am unable to figure out why a lamé suit not only seems all right here but has a certain authority (I have never seen one in New York that didn't look idiotic and out of place), and I still am unable to figure out why green is miraculously becoming to any kind of complexion around here, and why every British woman, even the massive, bony-faced ones, can manage to look wonderful wearing immense flowers on practically anything.

There's just one thing more, and I wish I didn't have to mention it. But duty impels me to tell all; there are still shoulder pads in some of the dresses and in lots of the suits, including the most expensive ones. I guess that what I've been seeing here has got me to the point of expecting perfection in everything from these good people.

—B. MATHIEU

THE LAD FROM THE COLD COUNTRY

When I dwelt in the wood in a wind-cracked hut
(at a waterwheel pinch the rivers flow)
I seldom bothered the shutters to shut,
for the northern maids are the warm-
ingest, O.

But when I came on to the company town
(at a waterwheel pinch the rivers flow)
I hastened to pull the shades all down,
for the midland maids are the harm-
ingest, O.

But when I moved down to the shore of the sea
(at a waterwheel pinch the rivers flow)
I threw the doors open fancy and free,
for the southern maids are the charm-
ingest, O.

—JAMES BROUGHTON

Orozco, addressing Miss Davis, asked: "Usted, Bette Davis, toma Gary Merrill como su legitimo esposo?"

The attorney translated the question: "Do you, Bette Davis, take Gary Merrill for your lawfully wedded husband?" "eYs," Miss Davis replied.—*Indianapolis Times*.

You don't catch Bette napping.

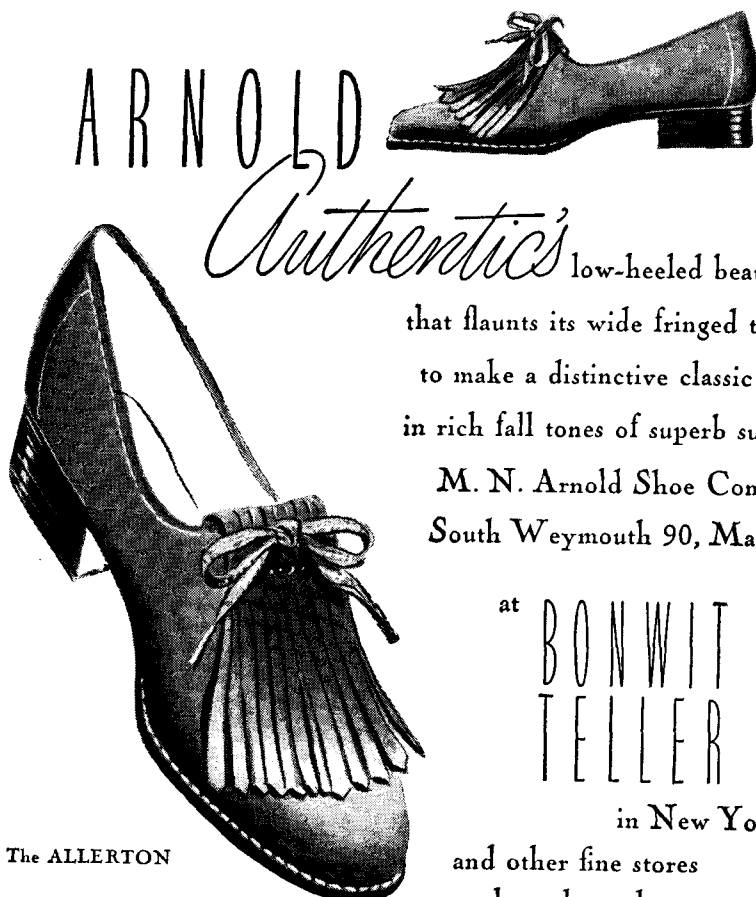


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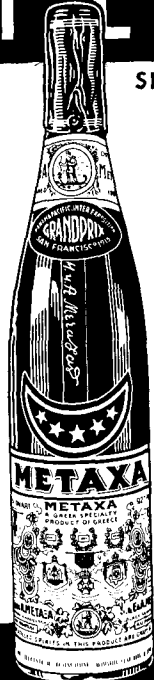
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THE DEVIATIONIST MACAROON

IT seems as if scarcely a day passes now without a new disclosure of how Communists long ago infiltrated some innocent organization and shaped it in their own peculiar pattern. It is proper, I know, to scorn and condemn the foolish people who allowed this to happen, but I am never able to suppress a sneaking sympathy for them, because I was once at least partly responsible for a project that was infiltrated, subverted, and finally swallowed whole. I was teaching English in a large Western university in 1936, and I shared an office with an instructor in the Drama Department. I'll call him Frank Imry. He was an enthusiastic young man, and, feeling that his university work didn't release his full talent, he suggested that he and I form an extra-curricular dramatic group of our own. He was to be the director and I a sort of general manager. I agreed, and we decided to start out modestly with an evening of four one-act plays. One of them, I remember, dealt with prison life, one was a mountain folk drama, and I am no longer sure what the third was, for it never got very far along. The fourth, which I recall vividly, because I appeared in it as a shepherd clad in a short burlap tunic, was Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo." It was this one that got us into trouble.

One afternoon some weeks after rehearsals began, Joe McDermott called me up. Joe was an untypical graduate student with a powerful body and a portentous manner. He had spent a profligate youth, obsessed with baseball and girls, and now had all the energy in good causes of a repentant sinner. He wanted me to go with him to a lecture in a downtown labor-union hall that night. I said that I couldn't, that I had a rehearsal. "A rehearsal!" Joe said. "You and Frank Imry! What good do you think you're doing with those arty plays? This is the twentieth century, boy! You've got to get out and fight."

He had been scolding at our project from the start. I hadn't minded at first, but by now I was beginning to be touchy, especially since the whole business was in danger of collapse. "Aria da Capo" was in sturdy shape (there were only five characters in it, two of them to be played by Frank and me), but we were having difficulty with all the other plays. The students we had enlisted were growing restless with the approach of the spring social season, and our

faculty actors always seemed to have papers to grade or bridge to play at rehearsal times. I was therefore in no mood to listen to one of Joe's sermons, and I cast about for a way of shutting him off. "You may not know it," I said, "but 'Aria da Capo' happens to be an anti-war play."

I had hardly thought of the play in that light before. It is a delicate, sardonic little masque in verse, symbolic, I suppose, of any of the ways by which greed and suspicion may be used to set violence in motion, and in general it could certainly be said to be against war. There was a considerable silence after I had spoken, and then Joe asked what time the rehearsal would be over. I told him, and he said he would come by. "If you and Frank are going to do significant plays, I'm with you," he said. "Why didn't you say so before? This is very likely the most backward campus in the country, and you'll need help."

FRANK and I planned to give the performance in the assembly hall of the local Community Center, and we had been borrowing the hall for rehearsals. Joe turned up there that evening, followed by three alert-looking undergraduates. "These fellows are going to work with us," he said. "I talked to them at the lecture and they're very enthusiastic."

One of the boys stepped forward. "I understand you're doing an anti-war program," he said crisply and with a challenging air of authority. Frank looked startled. I had neglected to tell him about my conversation with Joe, and it was too late to explain. I simply said that "Aria da Capo" could no doubt be construed as opposing war, but that we had no others in that vein on the bill. He looked disappointed, and his companions looked even more so, but he rallied at once

and said to them, as if in admonishment, that any step in the right direction was worth while. "We'll call a meeting before the next rehearsal," he said, and they all three nodded sagely, shook hands with Frank and me, and hurried out.

The next rehearsal was two nights later, and our new assistants were there. They arrived before Frank or I did, which, of course, was well in advance of the rest of our company, and all evening they sat in a corner of the hall watching intently. After the rehearsal, they came to me, their spokesman to the



fore. He asked what had been done about getting properties. I said we hadn't got around to doing anything about them yet, and he replied, rather superciliously, that he'd imagined that would be the case. One of the other boys then announced that he planned to draw up a list of props and get a couple of his friends to help him borrow them from the townspeople and the stores. The third said he was going to get us publicity, and the leader said he would see that we had plenty of volunteers to paint the sets.

All through the succeeding two weeks, marvels accumulated. The original trio, plus Joe, grew to six or seven boys and several girls. One or another would hurry into a rehearsal to report that he'd arranged for posters to be painted, or that he'd got one of the movie theatres to lend us an old floodlamp. Frank and I were stunned at first, but soon we began to enjoy the sense all this gave us of great activity on our behalf going on somewhere out of sight. Just when our assistants began to call themselves "the committee," I don't know, but it didn't take them long, and the boy who had been their spokesman from the beginning was the chairman. They were Communists, of course, or thought they were. Actually, Joe told us, they were members of the Young Communist League, not of the Party itself. Frank and I didn't really care what they were. It was the fashion of the period to regard the extreme Left tolerantly, as reformers who were simply more zealous than most, and it seemed to us that if these boys and girls wanted to work so hard just because we were doing "Aria da Capo," there could be no harm in it.

We didn't mind the chairman's occasional suggestions about the program as a whole, either. It seemed only fair for him to have a voice, and he often had helpful ideas. One proposal he made did strike us as quite drastic. He told us that the committee had had a meeting and was unanimous in feeling that the anti-war aspect of the bill needed strengthening. After all, he said, it was well known on the campus by now that we were doing *one* anti-war play, and we would have a better-balanced program if another—of a different sort from "Aria da Capo"—were added. All we'd have to do was replace our most doubtful play—the one that never got very far along because of the defections of the cast. He was sure we could easily find a cast for the new one among the people on the campus who were opposed to war.

Frank and I talked it over and concluded that the chairman was probably



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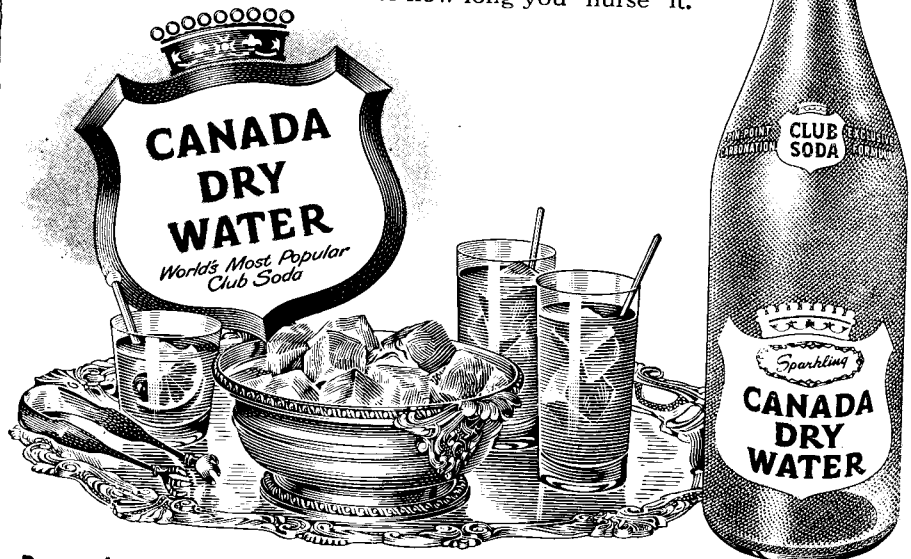


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right. There were a good many anti-war plays being written at that time, and we did want our group sooner or later to do some plays reflecting contemporary trends. With the chairman's help we found one that, although fairly heavy-handed and oratorical, at least had energy, which our program badly needed.

Quite a few volunteers appeared almost as soon as we decided to do the new anti-war play, and we had it cast in no time. I think there were nine or ten actors in it, and none of them ever missed a rehearsal. I'm reasonably sure none of them was ever late.

Emboldened by all this new vitality, Frank and I picked a date for the performance, reserved the hall for that evening, and vigorously set about trying to pull our two shaky plays together.

A FEW days later, on a Monday afternoon, two boys I hadn't seen before came to the office and said they wanted to join the Left Wing theatre group they'd heard I was starting. I was used to having volunteers turn up, and also to having the campus Leftists call our program just about anything that struck their fancy, but this was going pretty far. I said, raising my voice, that we weren't Left Wing, that we were merely interested in putting on plays of various sorts, and that we happened to be doing two that expressed disapproval of war. The boys said that was all right, they'd help us anyway. I told them they could see about getting tickets printed. There were several printers in town, and, after describing the tickets we wanted, I asked the boys to place the order with the one who would give us the best price.

On Tuesday evening, they showed up at rehearsal and reported that they'd ordered the tickets. They told me the arrangements they'd made, and I said that they sounded good. When we'd got our business settled, they sat down toward the back of the hall to watch the rehearsal. Halfway through the evening, after the prison play was finished and the folk drama was about to begin, Joe and the chairman came striding down the aisle, followed by two or three boys and a couple of girls. The hall was dimly lit, and they didn't see the new boys sitting there.

"You know what you've done?" Joe asked me angrily. "Those fellows you told to get the tickets—you know who they are?"

"Trotskyites!" the chairman said scornfully. "Counter-revolutionaries!"

I said I didn't know anything about

their political views and cared less.

"That's very naïve," Joe said. "Wait till you hear. They're absolutely ruthless. They stop at nothing. They sabotage everything they can't control."

Frank came down from the stage to see what was going on, and I looked back toward the so-called Trotskyites, and saw they had got up and were coming forward. This caused the chairman's group to draw back as if from reptiles, leaving Frank and me between the factions, more or less in the line of fire. The actors of the prison and mountain plays lurked in the shadowy background, pretending to be out of earshot. There were a few moments of rather tense silence, and then the chairman of the committee spoke, intoning as if he were delivering a formal charge: "The shop you gave the order to is organized by 109."

One of the new boys shrugged. "He means the union," he explained to me. "Local 109. It's a splinter that broke away from the parent union because the Stalinists were trying to take over. The usual story. They get into an organization and they devour it."

"That's very odd, coming from you, very odd!" the chairman called across the intervening space. "We know your affiliations!"

"We're Socialists, if that's what he means," the boy said, still speaking to me. "We didn't know we were going to be up against Stalinists here."

"He's lying!" the chairman shouted. "They're Trotskyites! They *run* the Socialists, the way they run Local 109, the way they run—"

He was interrupted by one of the girls, who pushed out from behind him and began a sort of shrill chant, the burden of which was that the Trotskyites were reactionaries. The Trotskyites now began to shout back at the committee, and there was a brief bedlam, which stopped only when Frank and I managed to howl them all down. An abrupt silence fell then, and both groups left, by different exits.

Somewhat shaken, Frank and I turned back to the rehearsal, but that was over, too. The actors of both plays closed in on us from the stage and the shadows, talking indignantly and all at once. Alarmed and upset by the scene they had just witnessed, they had decided, more or less unanimously, to resign. We argued and begged, but nothing would change their minds. As one girl explained, they couldn't have it known all over campus that they were mixed up with Reds and Communists.

The next three days passed in some confusion, but the Communists had a

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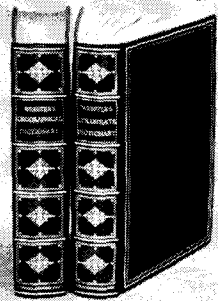
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marvellous time. They called meetings galore. Frank and I went to a couple of them to discuss ways of salvaging our project, but the committee members could talk about nothing but ways of combatting Trotskyites. I cancelled the ticket order, as well as the reservation for the hall. I judged that the whole affair had had a thorough airing on the campus, for the manager of the Community Center accepted the cancellation with almost tearful relief. We had a rehearsal of the two remaining plays on Friday evening, more as a gesture than anything else, but still hoping that some solution would turn up over the weekend. After the rehearsal, I found the Trotskyites waiting for me. They wanted to protest the cancellation of the ticket order at what they said was the behest of Stalinists. I said it hadn't been done at the behest of Stalinists at all but because two casts had quit. They said bitterly that it was no wonder the actors had quit, what with Stalinists around making trouble, and that they were quitting, too. I said that would be fine.

OVER the weekend, Frank and I decided there was no use trying to go ahead with the project. When we got to our office on Monday morning, we found the chairman of the committee waiting for us. He was carrying a bulging Manila envelope and a couple of notebooks, and looking happier and more friendly than I had ever seen him. "I hear they pulled out," he said. "Well, that certainly clears the air."

"The air's clear, all right," Frank said. "We're going to drop the whole thing."

"Drop it *now*!" the chairman cried. "Why, we can't do that!"

"We've lost two plays," Frank said. "The Center could hardly wait to get rid of us, and I doubt that we could cast the plays again if we did have a stage to put them on."

"I wasn't exactly thinking of the same two plays," the chairman said. "And I realize we're out of the Center, but what about downtown? There are three meeting halls that the unions often use." He opened one of his notebooks and read us the rental fees of the downtown halls and their approximate seating capacities. "Down there, we can have a real theatre of social action," he said earnestly. "I regard it as an opportunity."

I said we didn't want a theatre of social action, that we only wanted what we'd set out to do. Frank got up and went to look out the window. I knew he was caught by the idea. I could al-

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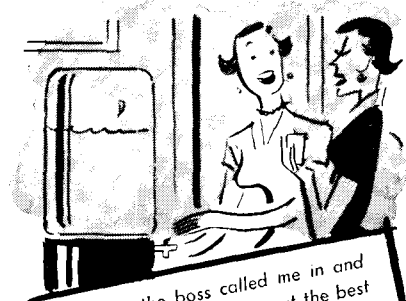
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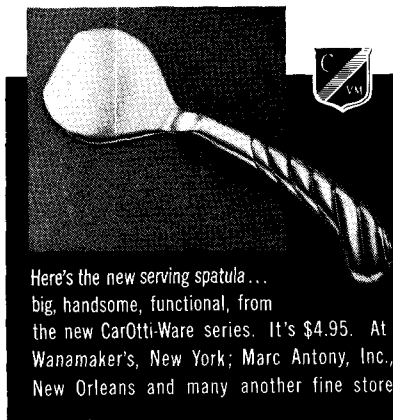
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most see it growing in his imagination while the chairman and I waited. "Listen," he said to me, finally, "we can't do what we started out to do, but I'd like to see *something* come of all this. These fellows are the only people who ever did help us much, so maybe we ought to go along with them."

"Maybe," I said.

"I have a few suggestions here," said the chairman. He had several plays that he said were socially significant, and we promised we would read them. He said we could strengthen the program and appeal to a union audience by doing at least one play about the struggles of labor. Frank said we would if we found a good one. The chairman said there were several good ones. "We can't let aesthetic considerations dominate in a workers' theatre," he said.

I tried once more to protest, but Frank waved me down.

"We're all together," the chairman said. "Workers and artists, a united front against war and exploitation."

He dug into his envelope and gave us the plays he had brought and an estimate of the production cost of each. He showed us some sketches for new posters and assured us that everything would now run like clockwork. We were rid of the Trotskyites, rid of the purposeless students and teachers, and we already had a publicity man, a property man, and several scene painters standing by.

"I guess we might as well do it," Frank said.

"You've certainly got it well planned," I said to the chairman.

"Oh, we had a big meeting yesterday," he said. "It lasted for hours, but we finally got everything thrashed out."

A MONTH later, we presented a program of one-act plays of social significance (as our posters said) in a bleak downtown meeting hall. Frank, and even I, managed to develop a certain affection for these muscular dramas as we went along, and our many assistants were tireless. The thing that astonishes me now, and occasionally makes my skin crawl, is that we kept "Aria da Capo" on the bill. I suggested we drop it, partly because it seemed weirdly out of key, and perhaps even more because of the costume I was to wear. The committee agreed enthusiastically, but for some reason Frank thought it should stay, perhaps as a bow to our original intentions. He asked several members of the committee if they felt the workers would fail to appreciate it, a notion they rejected

vehemently, thus cutting off my last hope of escape.

The bulk of the audience was composed of members of our committee, which had grown enormously, and their associates. They received the first three plays with noisy approval. A few strangers, some of whom may have been workers, were present, and a small, uncomfortable troop of Frank's and my faculty friends. Standing in the wings, ready to go on, my tunic fastened loosely over one shoulder, the other shoulder bare, as Miss Millay's directions require, I felt a heavy silence of disdain, almost of disbelief, welling up from beyond the footlights in response to the opening lines of "Aria da Capo":

"Pierrot, a macaroon! I cannot live Without a macaroon!"

"My only love,
You are *so* intense! ... Is it Tuesday,
Columbine?—
I'll kiss you if it's Tuesday."

THERE was a sad little aftermath, which I sometimes recall with a measure of satisfaction. At a party that took place in an even dingier meeting hall after the performance, the chairman, the publicity man, and the property man—the original three—were standing talking to Frank and Joe and me. We were all in a rather self-congratulatory mood, my own springing largely from relief, when we saw a stern, tired-looking man coming toward us. He was a Communist organizer, the chairman whispered. He coldly acknowledged introductions to Frank and me and didn't speak to us again. He spoke to the committee members, though—half a dozen scathing sentences.

Any possible good that might have come of the other plays had been more than offset by "Aria da Capo," he said. It was not only spineless but ideologically incorrect. War was a necessary instrument of policy, and to condemn all war was outright deviationism. The play made no distinction between imperialistic war and necessary war, and so could be considered counter-revolutionary propaganda of the worst sort. He stalked off then, leaving the committee deeply chagrined. I'm sure he was chagrined, too. In so faulty a society, a reprimand was all he could give them, but had the revolution already come, he could have purged us all.

—C. H. MICHAELS

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[Headline in the News]

MULTIPLE BIRTHS FAST WAY
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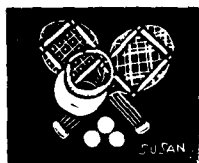
ON THE COURTS

Back Down Under

THE Davis Cup, which has been held by this country since 1946, will be exported shortly to Australia, where it seems likely to remain for years and years and years. The Australian team's victory over the American forces in the Cup challenge round at Forest Hills last weekend was as thorough and convincing as that. The invaders are also carrying home the 1950 National Doubles prizes that John Bromwich and Frank Sedgman won early last week at the Longwood Cricket Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, and I don't believe it would astonish anyone very much if they took along most of the silverware connected with this week's National Singles, too. In fact, if Kenneth McGregor, the twenty-one-year-old Melbourne strong boy who beat Ted Schroeder, our ranking amateur, in their Cup singles bout last Friday, maintains the form he showed then, I doubt whether anyone in the entry list could take a set from him. Well, maybe Sedgman, who at twenty-two is one of the older Australian representatives, could do it, or conceivably one of his other teammates—George Worthington, who is twenty-one, or Mervyn Rose, who is twenty—but certainly no American. Since we and the other competing nations have no really young players of comparable skill, it looks, as I said, as if the Davis Cup will remain ten thousand miles from here for a good long while.

The Australians' pleasure at regaining the Cup, which they last won in 1939, must have been increased by the realization that, with the exception of one set, the Americans were playing their best tennis. The exception was the 6-0 defeat of Tom Brown, Jr., in the first set of his match with Sedgman. Brown managed to lose this in what must be record time for Davis Cup play—nine and a half minutes—and won only eight points. It was very much to his credit, I thought, that after such a disheartening start he was able to make a close battle of the next two sets. Even though he lost them both, 8-6 and 9-7, he outscored Sedgman in earned points, 46-43, and his passing shots, often executed while he was running full tilt, were beautiful to watch.

THERE was a fair amount of loose talk to the effect that Schroeder's defeat by McGregor was in the nature



of an upset, but I can't see it that way. Schroeder was perhaps a little slower on his feet than he was a year ago, and he appeared to tire sooner than he used to, but neither

of these factors struck me as being sufficiently in evidence to suggest that the Schroeder of a year ago could have done much better against the McGregor of last Friday. Not only were McGregor's strokes, in practically every department of the game, as good as the most critical observer could ask to see, but his court tactics and strategy were of a kind one doesn't expect to find in a player with twice as much experience in big-time tennis.

The fact that Brown beat McGregor in one of the two singles matches played on Sunday in no way detracts, it seems to me, from the fine show McGregor put on on Friday. The match amounted to an exhibition anyway, since the outcome had no bearing on the winning of the Cup. As was more or less expected, Schroeder lost to Sedgman in the other Sunday match.

SATURDAY's doubles matches, in which Schroeder and Gardnar Mulloy lost to Sedgman and John Bromwich in five sets, produced some of the best tennis and by far the most enthusiastic gallery of all the matches that really counted. When, at the end of the fourth set, it looked as if the underdog Americans might win the match, the cheers drowned out even the passing Long Island trains for a minute or two.

Anyhow, since the Cup was getting to seem like a permanent fixture here, it's a good thing for tennis everywhere that the Australians won. At least, I guess it is. Within ten minutes after the end of the decisive doubles match, I heard similar sentiments expressed by no less than six dignitaries of the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

—P. W. W., JR.

The author of Jupiter Jones himself has retired to Cape Cod with his wife and three children. He tells his publishers that he has "scarcely been outa Plymouth County in fifteen years." He was born in Newton, Massachusetts, was graduated from Noble & Greenough School and attended Harvard.—Publicity release from Little, Brown.

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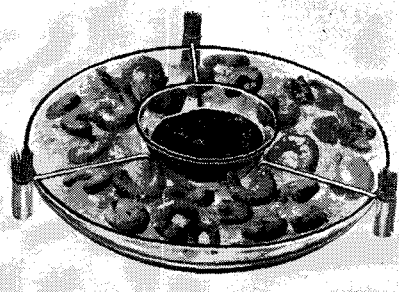
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 25

FOR two or three weeks now, the fear that has haunted Washington has been the fear not of defeat in Korea or even of an early war with Russia but of an unimaginably long, profitless, and perhaps inconclusive war with Communist China. Yesterday's news of Mao Tze-tung's protest to the United Nations on Formosa only served to make the danger seem somewhat more immediate. In Korea, we are still nowhere near victory, but we are at least, in the view of most people here, beyond the possibility of defeat. Few would be rash enough to say that our recent successful stand along the Nakdong River front means that the tide of battle has at last turned in our favor, but the feeling is that it is going to turn in the next month or so and that the likelihood of our being pushed into the sea is now slight. The chances of war with Russia over Korea seem even slighter. In both the State and Defense Departments, it is thought that if Stalin ever intended to commit any of his own forces on the peninsula, he would have done so by now. One fact that impresses many people here but that has gone almost unnoticed in the press is that North Korea is the only satellite country outside Russia's mutual-defense system. She has no mutual-aid treaty with Russia or any other Communist state. The danger that appears to have increased in the last two months is that we would be somehow drawn into war with half a billion Chinese. For several weeks, most of our diplomats have thought that to Stalin this would be the most gratifying of all possible conclusions to the Korean trouble. They do not believe that he provoked the Korean aggression with this in mind. Most of them are still persuaded that our quick response to the attack was a great and unwelcome surprise to him. They do believe, however, that with the way things have gone since June 25th a full-scale American war with China would be very much to his liking. It would put an almost intolerable burden on our resources; it would make the Chinese more beholden to him than ever, if he chose to aid them; and it might give him a free hand in Europe, since if we had to wage a war on the mainland of

Asia, we would be left with very little strength with which to fulfill our obligations under the North Atlantic Pact. On the other hand, it is the diplomats' opinion that war with China would be as tragic as war with Russia. Indeed, it would in the end, if it ever came to an end, greatly increase the chances of war with Russia, for our exhausted forces would be within easy striking distance of the Soviet armies. It would be a war in which our air and atomic-bomb superiority would gain us nothing. As George Kennan, who has been the State Department's chief policy planner for several years, said the other day, war with China would involve American infantry in a five-thousand-mile hike from China west to the Atlantic.

A war with China, it is felt here, could start not only in Formosa, which now looks to be the most likely spot, but in Indo-China or Korea. Our commitment in respect to Formosa, which was made along with our pledge to assist South Korea, is merely to neutralize it—or, at any rate, keep it out of unfriendly hands—but we could easily find this impossible to do without bombing the Chinese mainland, just as it is impossible to defend South Korea by keeping air and naval operations below the Thirty-eighth Parallel. War could come about through intervention by Mao Tze-tung in Indo-China or Korea. If the French, who have been doing none too well in their prolonged



jungle war with the partisan armies of the Communist Ho Chih Minh, were set upon by the Chinese Red armies, we would have to regard it as an act of aggression and lend a hand to the French and their unloved, unreliable friend the Emperor Bao Dai. At the moment, it is thought less likely that Mao will intervene in

Indo-China than that he will intervene in Korea. It is believed here that he will make the latter move, if he makes it at all, shortly after we begin pushing the North Koreans north. No one in the State Department expects Stalin to sit by and watch American victories in Korea without making a countermove. His range of choice is not great: He can send his own troops into Korea; he can seek to salvage something for the North Koreans by a quick diplomatic settlement through the United Nations; or



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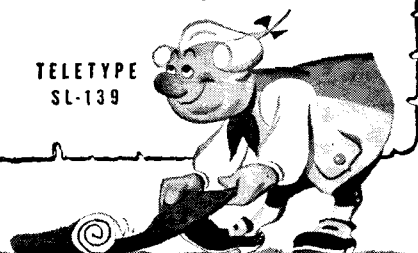
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he can try to talk Mao into sending in his troops. The prevailing opinion is that he would consider Mao's intervention, which would cost him little and us a great deal, by far the happiest of the three possibilities.

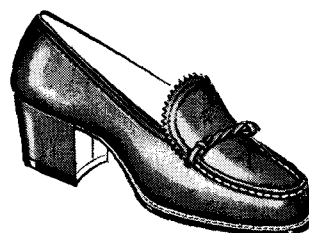
THE growing realization of how hideous a thing war with China might be has led a number of people to take a second look at the President's action of June 27th, which involved us in both Korea and Formosa. Few regrets have been expressed over the decision to defend Korea. It was primarily a moral decision, and though its consequences may be terrible, the consequences of a decision not to intervene would have been worse. There has been a good deal of feeling in recent weeks, however, that the Formosa decision, of which none of our allies seem to approve and which has no sanction from the United Nations, was a precipitate and possibly unwise one. At the time it was made, it was judged in most circles to be a crafty political move, since it seemed apt to neutralize not only the island of Formosa but also Chiang Kai-shek and that confederation of his admirers that has come to be known in Washington as the China lobby. Now questions are being raised as to whether it has not turned out to be merely an appeasement of Chiang and the China lobby, which, like most appeasements, has not worked out as expected. Chiang is again looking upon us as allies who will someday restore him to power over all China, and the China lobby, though it seems to have severed its connections with Senator McCarthy, is not content with having us involved in the defense of Formosa alone and is making propaganda through more respectable persons for a policy that would, it is thought here, increase the chances of war with Communist China.

Uneasiness over our Formosa policy is apparent in both the State and Defense Departments, though there is less of it in these two places than elsewhere in Washington. State Department people usually explain that it was mostly a military decision; they point to the contention of Navy and Air Force strategists that the defense of Japan, Korea, and the Philippines would be greatly hampered if Formosa became an unsinkable enemy aircraft carrier midway in an area we are pledged to defend. Defense Department people, while admitting the strategic value of Formosa, say they understand that the primary reason for the decision to neutralize it was diplomatic. Although some people

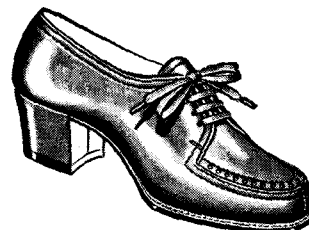


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emphasize the fact that Formosa's historic interests are about as closely identified with Japan's as with China's, no one claims that any very urgent moral problems are involved, as there were in the Korean situation. It would be difficult to regard the Communist threat to Formosa as a threat of aggression. An invasion of the island by Mao would not be a new aggression; it would merely be the consolidation of his position as head man in China.

Whatever the wisdom of the Formosa decision, the major concern now is to carry it out with as little risk of a general war as possible. Of course, no one, with the possible exception of our intelligence people, who naturally aren't talking, knows whether Mao will really attempt to take Formosa. Earlier this summer, he declared that he would do so by the first of September. His demand yesterday that the United Nations order our Navy to leave the waters around the island suggests that he probably plans to let that deadline pass, by a few days at least, since even if the United Nations were of a mind to issue such an order, it could not act in the short time that remains between now and the first of the month. It is conceivable that he has made his demand in order to provide himself with an excuse for giving up the whole adventure, but it is just as conceivable that he means business and will try to deliver, if not right on schedule, after only a short delay.

Our Navy, so far the only branch of the service assigned to the defense of Formosa, is reluctant to say whether it can completely prevent the landing of Communist forces. It could certainly destroy the better part of an invasion fleet composed of wooden junks and the few American LSTs the Chinese Communists captured from the Nationalists at Shanghai, but it is not impossible that enough Communist craft could slip through the radar screens and avoid the bombing, shelling, and ramming that would go on in the hundred-mile-wide Formosa Strait to arm the Communists already on Formosa. One of the principal difficulties of the Seventh Fleet would be that it is not only charged with the defense of Formosa but is also occupied with shelling Korea and carrying out carrier strikes against Communist strongholds there. If the Communists should set out for the island while the Seventh Fleet was heavily engaged off Korea, or when it had expended too much of its ammunition, a fairly substantial number of Communists might reach the Formosan beaches.

Whether Chiang's troops on Formosa, which look impressive in their calisthenic demonstrations for the newsreels but did not cover themselves with glory when they outnumbered the Communists invading Hainan Island by ten to one, would need American assistance is problematical, largely because the strength of the Communists already on Formosa is problematical. A big-scale attack would probably oblige us to strike at the mainland supply lines.

It is the hope of our military planners that it would be possible to draw a sharp strategic line between the Formosan Communists and their suppliers on the mainland and the rest of their compatriots. It is also their hope that we could avoid fighting China even if China declared war on us. After all, they say, there are at present no American interests that the Chinese Communists could reach without immense aid from the Soviet Union, and if the American public could be brought to understand everything that is at stake, we could simply look down our noses at a declaration of war by Mao. "All we'd have to do is say, 'O.K., show us where the war is and we'll fight it,'" one Army man here said the other day. Of course, the adoption of a line of this sort would raise a high fever in the China lobby, and enormous pressure would be brought to bear on any administration that attempted to stick to it, so it might not work. And it certainly wouldn't work if the Chinese Communists were determined not to let it work, for they could always bring their troops into direct conflict with ours in South Korea.

In some quarters here, the belief has been growing that it might be shrewd of us to try to head off any unpleasantness with Mao by reconsidering and perhaps revising our position on the recognition of his government and its admission to the United Nations. Doing so, many people feel, would ease our relations with Britain and India and would improve our standing with anti-imperialist opinion throughout Asia. They argue that our position up to now has been the product of an unworthy stubbornness and an equally unworthy fear of the China lobby. One finds little of this sentiment in the State Department, though. There it is still thought that to recognize Mao would be to reward him for his bad behavior and would buy us nothing but his contempt. The State Department feels, furthermore, that the British have not gained anything worth having by their recognition of Mao's government. Mao hasn't

really recognized *them*. The Communists have allowed the British a few representatives in China but nowhere near so many as they want, and although these are not being chivied about quite as our people were, their freedom of movement is nothing to be envied and the amount of business they have drummed up has been negligible. The State Department thinks that the case for recognizing Mao as an earnest of good intentions toward the rest of Asia is a thin one and that much more can be done by direct contact with the other nations through our diplomats and through the Voice of America than by the gesture of recognition. As for the United Nations, our position is still that we will accept a majority decision to admit Communist China but that we will not urge it or cast our vote in favor of it. The strongest case for its diplomatic recognition and admission to the United Nations is that they would establish means of communication through which we could attempt to prevent war with China, but the State Department, soundly or otherwise, does not accept this point of view, believing that whether or not we have war with China will be determined by how much heat Stalin is able to put on Mao. To have to fight a war in China would be a ghastly thing for us, but it would be no picnic for Mao, either, and the State Department doubts whether he needs us to tell him that.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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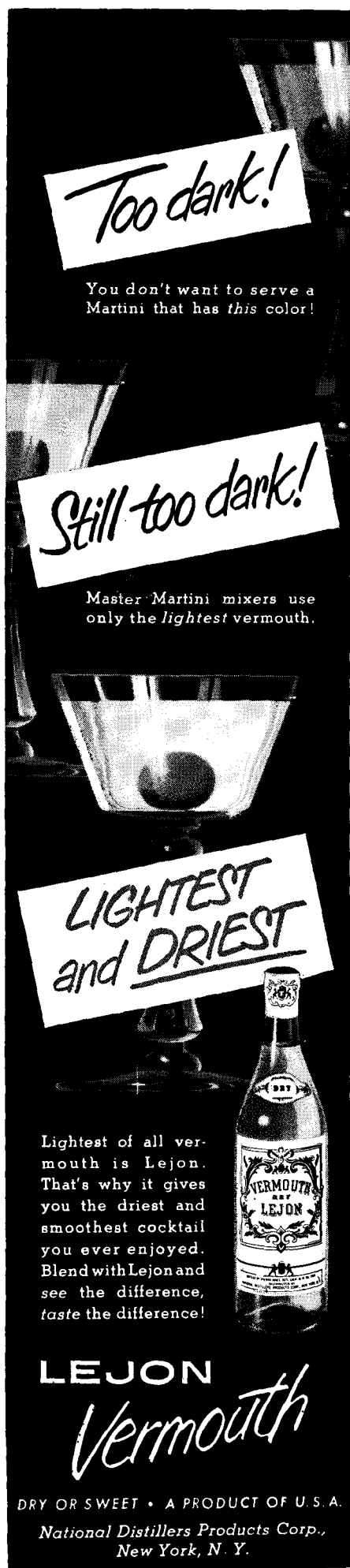
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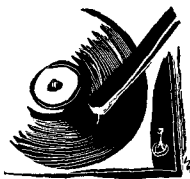
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



"GIANNI SCHICCHI" and "Il Tabarro," two of the three one-act operas that Puccini wrote toward the end of his career, have been issued, each complete on a long-playing single, by Cetra-Soria, and they are delightful to listen to. The music is entertaining, it is well sung by knowing casts, and the recordings are admirable. This is not great or even distinguished music, but the scores, like most of Puccini's, are wonderfully singable and extremely effective theatrically. While the stories they invest with such excitement may seem a trifle quaint in some respects, these operas are splendid examples of tightly constructed stage works and of sentimental music at its most cunning; the two records might easily be looked upon as superior show albums. "Gianni Schicchi" is a broad farce in the classic tradition of Italian comedy, and it is lively and engaging. "Il Tabarro" is a rather cheap melodrama in which a tragic situation is explored without a touch of grandeur, but it is neatly composed—exceedingly so—and wholly successful on its own modest terms. Puccini had his limitations, but he recognized them, and within those limitations he knew everything. The casts in both performances are Italian, and the orchestra of the Radio Italiana provides the accompaniments. There are no arresting voices, but they are all fluent and capable. Giuseppe Taddei, baritone, who sings the title role in "Gianni Schicchi," is especially good.

Taddei, by the way, can also be heard as Falstaff, in a commendable recording of Verdi's last opera (Cetra-Soria again, on three long-playing discs). Mario Rossi directs a spirited performance by the soloists and the orchestra and chorus of Radio Italiana. Musically speaking, "Falstaff" is a beautifully composed work, and the book, expertly tailored by Arrigo Boito from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," moves along at a good clip, but I have always felt uncomfortable in the presence of the fat knight, and this prejudice colors my whole attitude toward the opera.

A COMPLETE recording, on four long-playing records, of Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman" has been brought out by Mercury. The performance, in German, is by the chorus and orchestra of the Bavarian State

Opera, Clemens Krauss directing. Hans Hotter, the baritone in the name part, is magnificent. His voice is rich and marvellously expressive, and he is the outstanding member of the cast. Viorica Ursuleac, a soprano, sings sweetly but without lustre in the role of Senta. The four other parts are well taken. The recording itself sounds a little thin, but on the whole it's a creditable rendition of a forceful and tuneful opera.

ANOTHER foreign item, a Columbia long-playing single consisting of two excerpts from the second act of "Der Rosenkavalier," has the advantage of being excellently recorded. The offerings are the shimmering scene of the presentation of the silver rose, and the lusty and melodious finale. Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and Irmgard Seefried are the sopranos heard in the earlier scene, and Ludwig Weber takes the part of Baron Ochs in the other. The singing is accomplished, and the orchestra—the Vienna Philharmonic, conducted by Otto Ackermann—is first-rate.

THE striking soprano voice of Ljuba Welitch summons up a couple of scenes from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" with ease and artistry on another Columbia long-playing single. She does the aria "Or sai, chi l'onore" and the preceding recitative—in this, Alessio de Paolis sings Ottavio—and also the recitative and aria "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio." Fritz Reiner leads the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera in the accompaniments. On the other side of this record, Miss Welitch, supported by the pianist Paul Ulanowsky, sings a group of Russian and German songs in their respective languages. I felt Moussorgsky's "Star, Tell Me," Richard Strauss's "Die Nacht," and Joseph Marx's "Valse de Chopin" were the high spots. The other selections are "Cäcilie," by Strauss; "I Grieve" and "The Miller," both by Aleksandr Dargomyzhsky; and "Hat dich die Liebe berührt," by Marx. These are all enjoyable. Come to think of it, "Cäcilie" is a little more than that; I guess it's a high spot, too.

JUST before his death, Kurt Weill was, in addition to his other activities, supervising a recording of his short folk opera, "Down in the Valley," with Alfred Drake in the romantic role of the ill-fated Brack Weaver. Decca has now brought it out, on a ten-inch long-playing single, and despite the happy

selection of Drake, it is not as authoritative a job as you might have expected. For one thing, Drake's speaking voice, when he undertakes Brack's occasional lines of straight dialogue, sounds comparatively feeble and startlingly unlike his singing voice, which is smooth and resonant. And Jane Wilson, although possessed of an appealing soprano, sings without character in the part of Brack's sweetheart, Jennie Parsons. But most surprising of all is the fact that the pace is too swift most of the time; this fault turns out to be a severe annoyance in the choral episodes, which have a rushed-through sound. "Valley" is a minor creation, but it has charm when it is done right, and it's too bad this performance isn't more effective. Drake's singing, though, is admirable.

I'D like now to mention three soloists of more than ordinary competence who can be heard on long-playing singles devoted mostly to operatic selections. A soprano named Renata Tebaldi gets off seven rich arias in a slightly piercing but clear and well-trained voice on an expertly recorded London release. Accompanied by L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Alberto Erede conducting, she sings three taxing pieces—"Ritorna vincitor!", from "Aïda," and the "Chanson du roi de Thulé" and the "Jewel Song," from "Faust"—on the first side. On the other, she runs through three seductive Puccini items and one by Verdi. . . . Frank Guarrera, a youthful and gifted baritone from the Met, has drawn from Italian opera for a Columbia recording in which he is supported by the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, under the direction of Fausto Cleva. His voice is somewhat light—or so it seemed to me on this record—but his use of it is splendid. It's an agreeable collection. . . . Italo Tajo, the basso, presents seven well-chosen and seldom-heard Mozart arias on a Cetra-Soria single. Tajo's voice, like Guarrera's, is relatively light, but he, too, employs it with superb taste.

—D. W.

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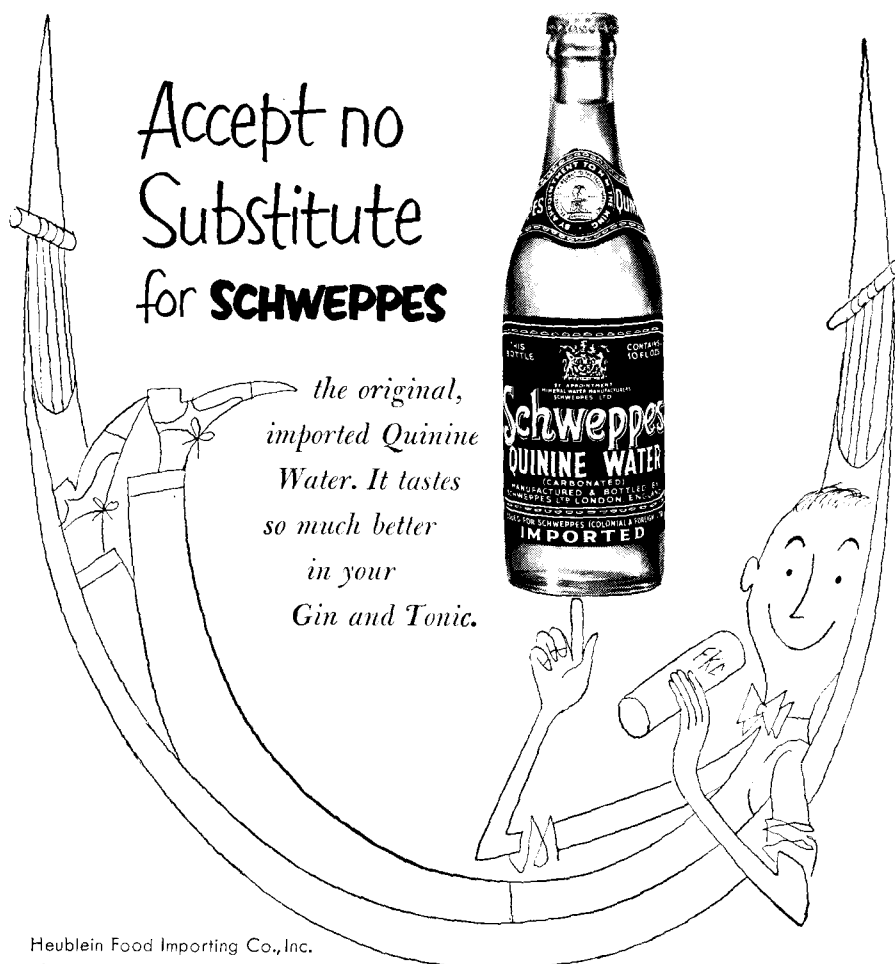
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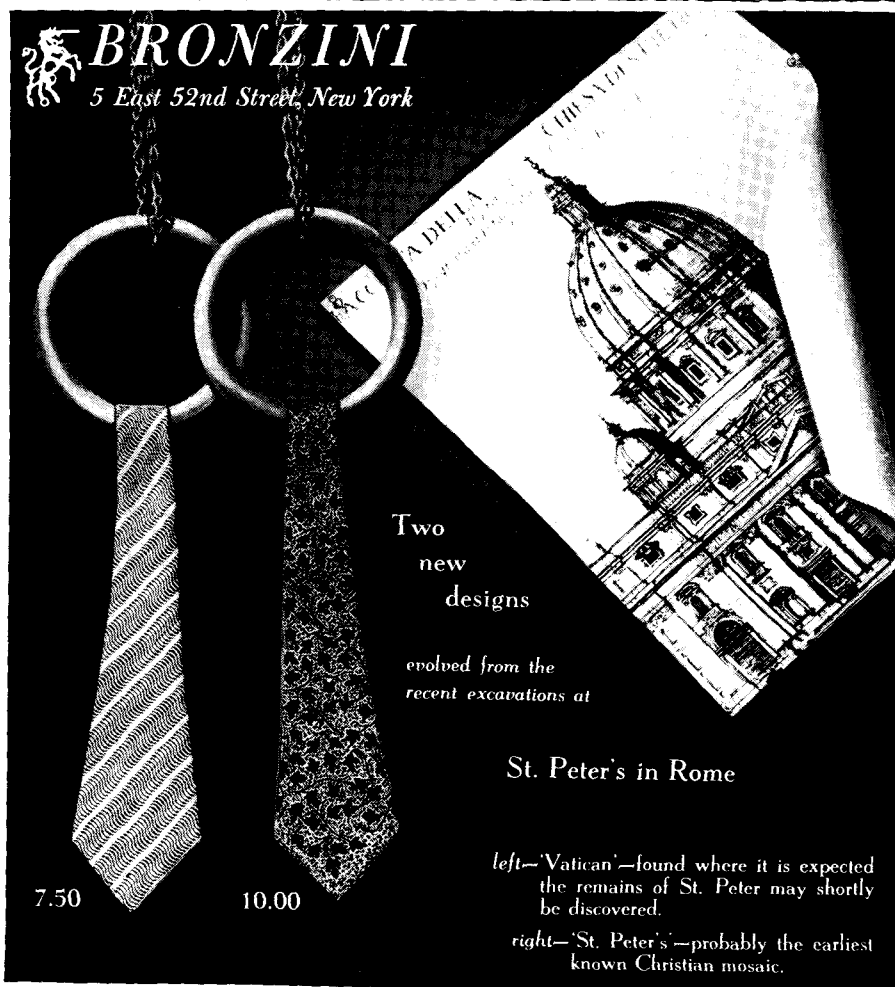
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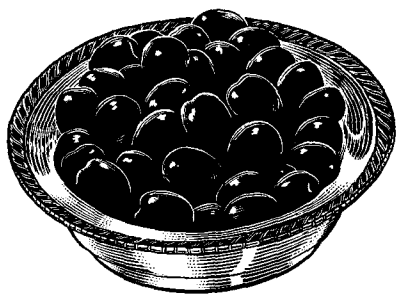
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Toujours l'Amour

THE PARIS WALTZ," a French musical biography of Jacques Offenbach, is elaborately mounted and costumed (the period is that of Napoleon III), has some extremely gay and lilting music (Offenbach's), and is peopled by many proficient actors (notably Pierre Fresnay and Yvonne Printemps), but by the time the thing was over I found myself in a state of torpor. Basically, I think that the film's emphasis on *la vie parisienne* is what finally did me in. I have no reason to doubt that Paris under Napoleon III was one hell of a town in which to pitch a little woo, but until "The Paris Waltz" came along I had not suspected that there was such an abundance of hugging and kissing in public and semi-public places—at *le théâtre*, in *les restaurants*, at *les grands fêtes*, to name a few spots in which many an eager buss is planted on many a willing cheek. It is unquestionably one of the kissingest pictures I have ever seen, and within a few moments of its opening it becomes obvious that every time a female dares show herself on the silver screen, a male, with lust in his eyes, will not be far behind.

Most of this public romance is merely peripheral to the central amours of Mlle. Hortense Schneider (Yvonne Printemps), the leading lady in Offenbach's operettas and a *femme fatale* of Gargantuan proportions. Mlle. Schneider takes up with, and swiftly discards, an extensive roster of singers, princes, czars, caliphs, Russian generals, and other impressive men. Throughout most of these antics, Offenbach (Pierre Fresnay), a slight, nearsighted, rather strange-looking man with side whiskers, maintains an admirable objectivity toward Hortense, in some cases going so far as to advise her on how best to manage her *affaires de cœur*. Jacques, *alors*, falls for her charms, and when Jacques, a sensitive fellow, falls, *il tombe avec le grand bruit*. Constitutionally, Hortense cannot remain faithful to one man, and she *deux-temps* Jacques. Jacques is desolated and can no longer compose his gay and lilting tunes. The dilemma is solved in a manner that is satisfactory to both parties, and that shall here remain undisclosed.

This somewhat tedious story serves as a convenient prop for many delightful snatches of Offenbach's music, which are marred only by the tendency of the



director to focus upon members of the audiences, all of whom appear to be in a state of galloping euphoria and jump up and down wildly in their seats, applauding, winking, and excitedly nudging one another. M. Fresnay often acts a bit too abstracted, even for a composer, but his performance is, on the whole, an excellent one. I thought Mlle. Printemps, although she occasionally sounded a trifle fuzzy when she burst into song, made quite a charming leading lady.

I SUPPOSE that "Stella," an odd little story about a family that prefers to bury its own dead, is meant to be whimsical, but it struck me as being about as whimsical as a copy of the *American Funeral Director*. The Bevins, a slightly subnormal family, go on a picnic and lose their boozy Uncle Joe, who slips on a rock and fatally cracks his head. He is instantly buried. Later, when it is discovered that the aged crock carried double-indemnity insurance, the fun begins—wrong bodies are identified, a fake funeral is held, ancient bones are disinterred, and so on. Ann Sheridan moves uncertainly in and out of the picture as Stella, the one member of the family with an ounce of common sense, and Victor Mature is on hand as a flexibly high-minded insurance man with a keen eye for Miss Sheridan.

"DIFFICULT YEARS," an Italian film, is a hodgepodge affair that by no means follows in the great tradition established by Italian films of recent years. This one relates the story of a minor Sicilian government official who is forced to join the Fascist Party, and of the unhappiness and bitterness that befall him and his entire family. Unfortunately, almost every character in the large cast is a stereotype, and, with the exception of some stunning Sicilian scenes, photographed on the spot, there is little to recommend this monotonous tale. Arthur Miller has not helped matters by contributing some windy passages of exposition in English, which are narrated by John Garfield in a peculiarly hesitant manner.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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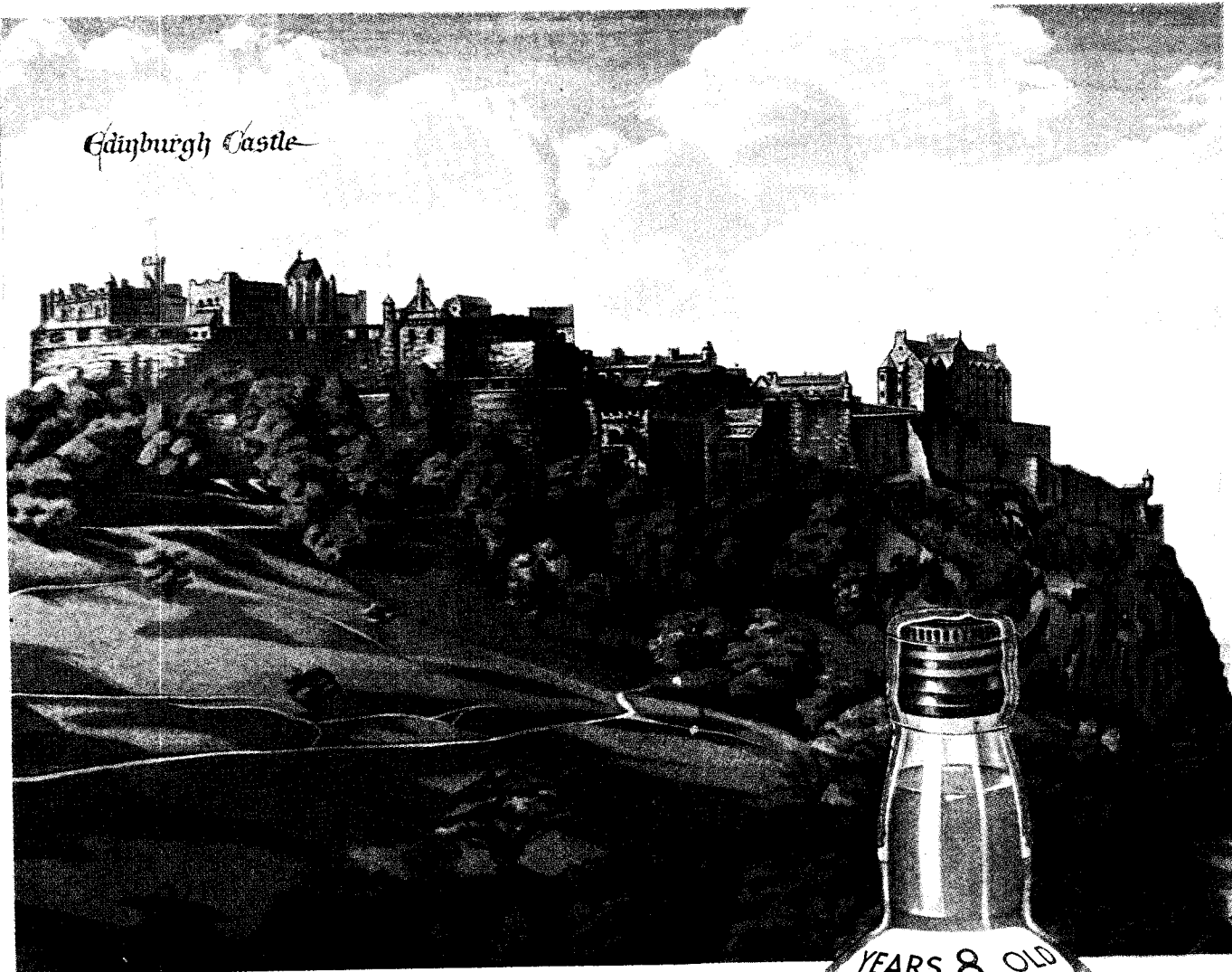
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BOOKS

Pyle Set the Style



LESS than three months ago, a four-hundred-and-twenty-eight-page biography of Ernie Pyle would have seemed as outdated as the word "foxhole." Yet the appearance now of "The Story of Ernie Pyle," by Lee G. Miller (428 pp., Viking), seems the result of a miracle of publishing prescience—a prescience our intelligence services unfortunately did not match. For there has been in the interim a revival of Pyle's subject matter.

This is an example of Pyle, from a 1943 column, quoted by Mr. Miller, who, as managing editor of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, was the late correspondent's editor and one of his greatest admirers:

The men are walking. They are fifty feet apart, for dispersal. Their walk is slow, for they are dead weary, as you can tell even when looking at them from behind. Every line and sag of their bodies speaks their inhuman exhaustion. On their shoulders and backs they carry heavy steel tripods, machine-gun barrels, leaden boxes of ammunition. Their feet seem to sink into the ground from the overload they are bearing. They don't slouch. It is the terrible deliberation of each step that spells out their appalling tiredness. Their faces are black and unshaven. They are young men, but the grime and whiskers and exhaustion make them look middle-aged. The line moves on, but it never ends. All afternoon men keep coming round the hill and vanishing eventually over the horizon. It is one long, tired line of ant-like men. There is an agony in your heart and you almost feel ashamed to look at them. They are just guys from Broadway and Main Street, but you wouldn't remember them. They are too far away now. They are too tired. Their world can never be known to you, but if you could see them just once, just for an instant, you would know that no matter how hard people work back home they are not keeping pace with these infantrymen in Tunisia.

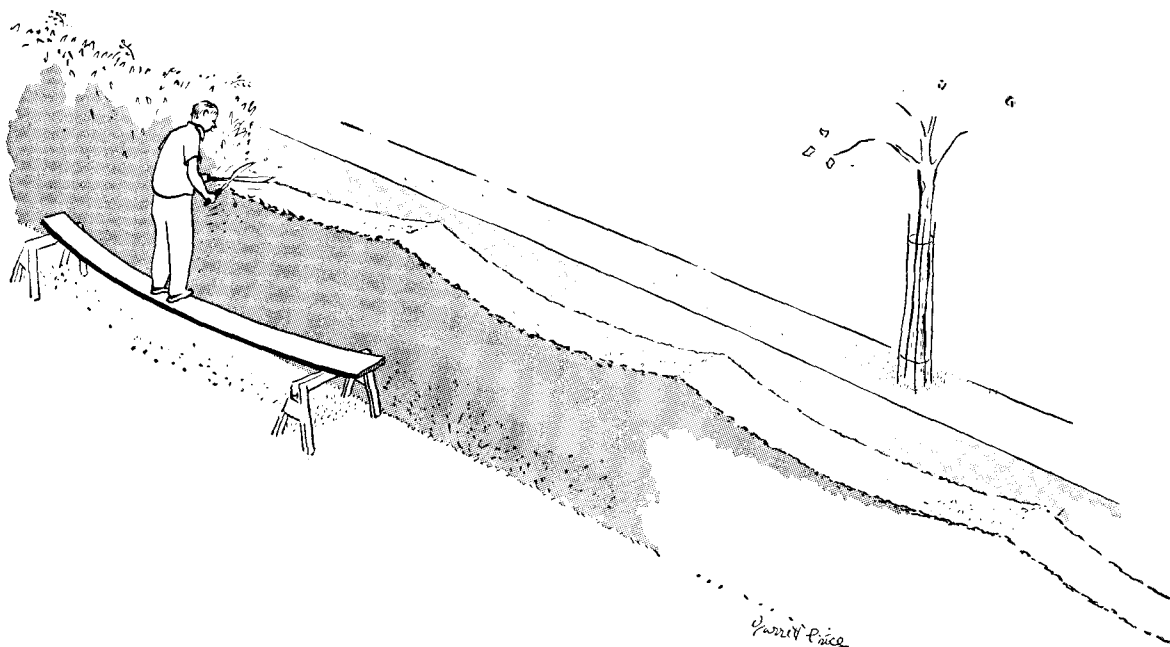
The thin, old-looking reporter who was killed by a Japanese sniper on Ie Shima in April, 1945 (he was only forty-four, but to enlisted men he seemed

as old as a senior admiral), contributed a stock figure to the waxworks gallery of American history as popularly remembered. To a list that includes the frontiersman, the Kentucky colonel, the cowboy, and Babe Ruth, Ernest Taylor Pyle, to give him the full name nobody ever called him by, added G.I. Joe, the suffering but triumphant American infantryman. The portrait was sentimentalized, but the soldier was pleased to recognize himself in it, and millions of newspaper readers recognized their sons and lovers in Pyle's soldiers and got some glimmer of the fact that war is a nasty business for the pedestrian combatant. Through millions of letters from home enclosing clippings, the soldiers learned that their folks read Ernie Pyle. He provided an emotional bridge. When he died, something like seven hundred papers were buying his column. I have no figures on Homer's syndication in Hellas, but he is reputed to have begged his bread, which Pyle, had he survived, would never have had to do. A substantial fraction of the readers of the seven hundred papers read nothing about the war but Pyle and the headlines. He was the only American war correspondent who made a large personal impress on the nation in the Second World War.

Ernie, whom I knew in Africa and France, had a profound capacity for self-pity—for which he had more reason than most—and a knack of projecting it. You could have been sleeping on the ground for a fortnight without thinking much about it, but when you read that

he had slept on the ground, your bones ached. In 1940, before he had been to war, he wrote to a friend whose parents he had just visited, "Seeing my own folks—so old, so disappointed, so eager and helpless—and seeing your folks so exactly like my own—it kind of throws me. There is no sense to the struggle, and there is no choice but to struggle." He had intimations of goshawfulness.

Ernie took his writing seriously. I was about to say he sweated over every sentence when I remembered that he was never warm enough to sweat and complained almost continually of cold. He suffered acutely when he read clippings of his columns and noticed the editorial excision of a phrase. On such occasions, he damned the transatlantic Mr. Miller, who handled his copy personally. He had frequent doubts about the quality of his stuff and often demanded reassurance. After he was killed, near the end of the war, he became a fixed part of a historical period that appeared to have come to a close with the dropping of the first atomic bomb. The prototype of what was evidently to be the war correspondent of the future emerged in the person of William L. Laurence, the science expert of the *New York Times*, who rode in the plane that dropped the second atomic bomb, on Nagasaki. Mr. Laurence's erudition contrasted strongly with Ernie's highly emphasized simplicity, and it looked as if anybody who wanted to cover a future world conflict would need a degree from M.I.T. or Carnegie Tech. (Laurence is a Har-

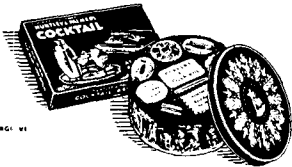




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vard man, but he has filled in the gaps in his education by extensive reading. Ernie, incidentally, was not so innocent of formal education as his folksiness implied; Miller says he got as far as the middle of his senior year at the University of Indiana, when he quit after he had been turned down by a coed. I would never have thought him so romantic.)

As of today, however, Pyle is the most imitated writer in America, just as he was in 1945. The newspapers are again full of G.I.s, front-line quotes, M-1s, and bazookas, and more than ever the individual combatant fights under the glaring light of publicity, since the ratio of correspondents to combatants in Korea is without parallel in the history of warfare. The Pyle influence was evident in the early dispatches of the men doing straight news stories of the Korean fighting; even while fleeing through rice paddies with invading tanks close behind, the correspondents found time to get the name, rank, and home town of every soldier they talked to. For example, a story by Tom Lambert, of the Associated Press, on July 12th quoted Lt. Edward James, of Columbus, Ga.; Pvt. Freddy Pickens, of Columbus, Miss.; Pvt. Robert Reed, of Michigan City, Ind. (who said he had had a carbine and then a rifle shot out of his hands); Pvt. Edward Rounds, of Thurman, N.Y.; Pvt. Tommy Bishop, of Quitman, Miss.; Pfc. Leon Wilson, of Sullivan, Ind.; Sgt. W. F. Wocieczowski, of Chester, Pa.; and Pvt. Edwin L. Rowland, of Paducah, Ky. (who "noddod assent"). On July 5th, Marguerite Higgins, of the *Herald Tribune*, saw a "blond G.I." die and gave the occurrence intimate coverage. There was a general disposition to report war through the eyes or, more often, the spoken recollection of the soldiers themselves; this was, perhaps, inevitable at a time when there were only five hundred Americans in combat, according to our Korean headquarters. In such warfare, each soldier had the importance, in relation to the whole force engaged, of a war-strength regiment in the American Army of 1945, and the blond G.I.'s death was approximately equivalent to all the American casualties on the Norman D Day.

It was not until the last part of July that the more formal aspirants to the Pyle role began to arrive. Pyle's copy

was aimed primarily at afternoon papers and was never spot news or "big picture." He wrote almost always about individual soldiers—including, sometimes, generals—and, most importantly, about himself. The afternoon-paper field in New York is limited and has been even more so this summer; if Pyle had been covering the Korean campaign, he would have had no New York outlet during the first nine weeks of the fighting, because he worked for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, and the Scripps-Howard paper here, the *World-Telegram & Sun*, was closed down by the Newspaper Guild strike during all that time.

The two afternoon dailies to which this city was temporarily reduced—the *Post* and the *Journal-American*—have been represented by an average of one and a half Pyle-type war correspondents: the *Post* by Jimmy Cannon and the *Journal-American* by Frank Conruff and Bob Considine. Cannon, Conruff, and Considine, besides being alliterative, have a number of other qualities in common—they are Celtic, knowing, and representative of the Toots Shor, or man-about-town, school of journalism; Cannon is a sports columnist and Considine used to be. Their backgrounds place them at an initial disadvantage in the Pyle stint, for Ernie had spent six years before the war building up a reputation as an Average American. During that time, he produced a column

that dealt mostly with subjects like the beauty of the Grand Canyon and the human qualities of human beings in all parts of Nebraska. But an even more serious handicap for his successors has been the repetitiousness of situations. This, for example, is Cannon, who got to Korea on July 18th, writing about soldiers coming around a bend there on August 2nd:

The farther forward you go, the younger the troops are, but the older they look. All men age with fatigue, but these com-



bat soldiers seemed abruptly deprived of their youth and stricken with crippling maturity just before they turned the bend in the road and came, stooped and shriveled with weariness, toward trucks which would transport them to a more dangerous sector of the front. . . . The act of dragging themselves on trucks seemed unbearably difficult for them, as though the blood in their young bodies had been frozen by the years. They were round-shouldered under the burden of their arms. Dirt turned to mud as sweat clotted on eyelids. Their ears were foul caves. Some of them wore

goatees which didn't seem incongruous on their trouble-pinched faces but gave them the wizened look of wise, sleepy, year-drugged old men. They were quiet—the very old are silent—transfixed by memories. . . . But they belong where you are. . . . Remember them not as dedicated men but as kids similar to the ones you know who are hurt by nothing more than the sickness of first love.

It is plain that Cannon is confronted with a problem. The last war ended only five years ago, and we are all in danger of becoming callous. But Cannon's soldier dialogue is more accurate than Pyle's, who was really good only on old draftees. (Cannon was an enlisted man, albeit a correspondent for soldier newspapers, for four years during the Second World War.) And on August 5th, he produced a column that shows he is not incapable of emotion.

Put this down as an hysterical piece written by a 41-year-old adolescent whose adult life has been concerned with games [he wrote]. Sports journalists are permanent residents of boyhood and we reject middle age to dwell as frightened aliens in a country of youth. . . . It is inconsequential now if a fight manager is a scoundrel, if Notre Dame will ever play Army, if Jake LaMotta will fight Ray Robinson for the middleweight championship. . . . What does it matter who got loaded in Shor's and what comedian they're knocking at Lindy's? . . . Remember this is not a USO war with actors telling their gags especially written for the occasion. It is a war in which generals use bazookas.

Conniff, as the campaign has worn on, has turned out some good columns, particularly one cowboy-and-Indian-style yarn about how tanks were menacing Pohang airfield, which the Air Force was soon to quit. But on August 7th, by which time he had arrived in the classic Pyle situation—"Conniff in a Fox Hole," the *Journal-American* labelled his story of that date—he was acknowledging the common difficulty. "Now that I have read this over I realize that it is just another shelling story," he wrote, "a story of something that happened again and again during the last war."

Considine, a late starter, had, as of last week, advanced only as far as a regimental headquarters, and had then returned to Tokyo for a breather. The fateful headline "Considine in a Fox Hole, Too," has, as I write this, not yet appeared.

But none of the current correspondents is likely to replace the subject of Mr. Miller's biography, who appears in its pages as a more complex man than I had supposed. When I first met Ernie, in the fall of 1942, he seemed jarringly like the character he had created for himself in his column, then only moder-

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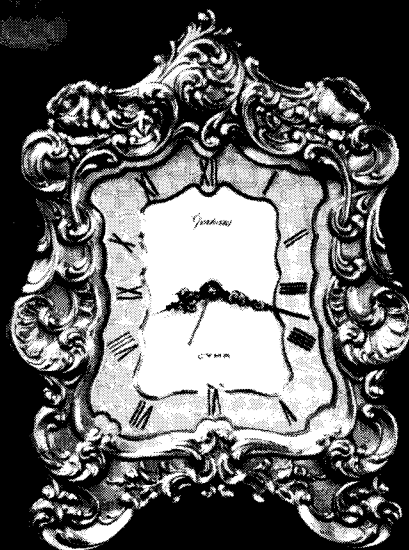
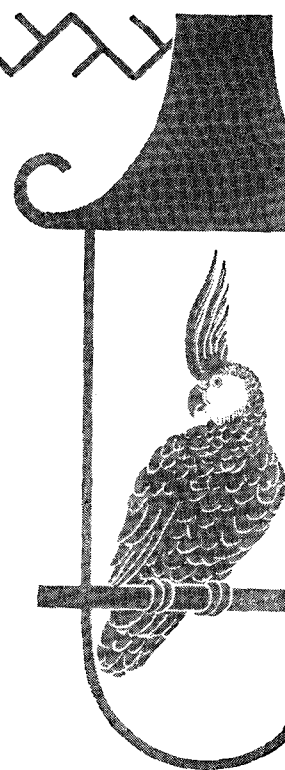
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ately successful. He had complained in a letter to his wife, quoted in the book, because his column, which he was then writing from England, had only forty-five newspaper clients. (Miller, measuring success by the number of clients, notes that by January, 1943, it had sixty.) Ernie in those days was abstinent and resolutely Philistine. He would have been the last to admit that he had ever read a book. Since he disliked wherever he found himself, I took it for granted he was homesick. I also assumed, without definite knowledge, that he was devout. He was quiet, friendly, and obliging in the small details of communal life in cramped quarters. We travelled to Africa together aboard a transport, and during the campaign there I used to run into him in places like Tébéssa and Gafsa and Béja, and wherever it was he was always coming down with a cold or recovering from a mild attack of dysentery. He was invariably worried because he had not prepared a sufficient supply of columns in advance—at that time he was writing them three weeks ahead of publication date. It was not until rather late in the African campaign that he made his first prolonged stay in the front lines, going out from Béja to spend a week with a battalion of the First Division that was fighting its way toward Bizerte in what was to be the last, decisive battle of the war in Africa.

When I met up with Ernie again, in the press camp at Vouilly, in Normandy, in 1944, he was at the height of his vogue. He was drinking more than a bit, and his nerves were not too good. I evolved a theory to account for the change in him. The success of his front-line series from Africa, I deduced, had caused his home office to needle him into increasingly frequent trips into real danger, on the ground that readers of the column, once blooded, would never again be content with stories about poker-playing officers in quartermaster depots who missed their friends in Merchantville, N.J. Ernie, under this pressure, I figured, had abandoned his Hoosier abstinence in order to keep up his nerve, and the remedy was not a complete success.

This theory, I learn from Miller's book, was far too simple. Ernie's African phase had been atypical in that it marked about his longest stay on the wagon. He was a heavy drinker and in the twenties had been a conventional Menckonian rebel against stuffiness, mixing gin in the bathtub and living in

fake sin with his legally wedded wife, Jerry. ("For years they made a fetish of insisting they weren't really married," Miller records.) He was an agnostic: Miller quotes a letter he wrote to his ailing wife in January, 1945, in which he told her, "You say you want to learn to pray. That has to be up to you, of course, but it is so different from anything you or I have ever felt. I want you to get well, but I wouldn't want you to get pious—for then you wouldn't be you. I don't think you can get well by any mystic device or even willing it so..." The simple Hoosier shell had been an induced accretion of Pyle's column-writing years.

I also learn that most of the time Pyle was overseas he was in a terrible emotional tangle; his wife, whom he had married in 1925, when both were twenty-five years old, had gone mad in 1941. Pyle had written to Miller then, "For more than ten years Jerry has been a psychopathic case. In the past few months it has reached a stage in which you would have to turn your back to call it anything less than a form of insanity. She is a dual personality, you might say a triple personality—one side of utter charm and captivation for people she cares nothing about; one side of cruelty and dishonesty toward the few people she does care about; and another side of almost insane melancholy and futility and cynicism when she is alone, which is her true personality." In the years since 1941, she had shuttled between institutions and the outside world.

Far from being homesick, Ernie appears on Miller's showing to have been terrified at the prospect of going home. He must have felt guilty at his knowledge that he didn't want to go. While he was certainly afraid of being killed,

he must often have wished he would be. The trips to the front were perhaps a kind of Russian roulette that he played with himself. (I must say that he never seemed to me a reckless man; he protracted the game.) His constant illness now appears to have been largely hypochondria. Miller says Ernie often had himself examined by doctors, and they never found anything much the matter. In short, his appearance of placid, pawky normality seems to have been as deceptive a dickey as ever covered a troubled breast, and I like him a lot better for it, and for keeping his troubles to himself.

Miller was under no obligation to make these troubles public now, but after all Ernie is dead and so is Mrs.



Pyle (since November, 1945), and it is better for Ernie to be remembered as a man than as a hick character in a movie.

—A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LONG THE IMPERIAL WAY, by Hanuma Tasaki (Houghton Mifflin). A morose, painstaking account of the last war as it appeared to an ordinary Japanese soldier. Mr. Tasaki's men, obviously bored and homesick and suffering in other ways, talk endlessly among themselves, but they seem unable to communicate with each other, and they certainly never communicate with the reader, who is left baffled at the end, as though too many important things had been left unsaid—as though, in fact, this were only the background to a story that is yet to be written.

THE HOUSE OF BREATH, by William Goyen (Random House). Mr. Goyen has produced a lament, in misty, keening tones, for a dying Texas town called Charity. The characters in his book—Granny Ganchion, Malley, Hattie Clegg, Christy—speak out separately and in chorus, but all in the same minor key, so that the effect, while undeniably melancholy, is monotonous and also suspicious, as it is bound to be when one note is held too long.

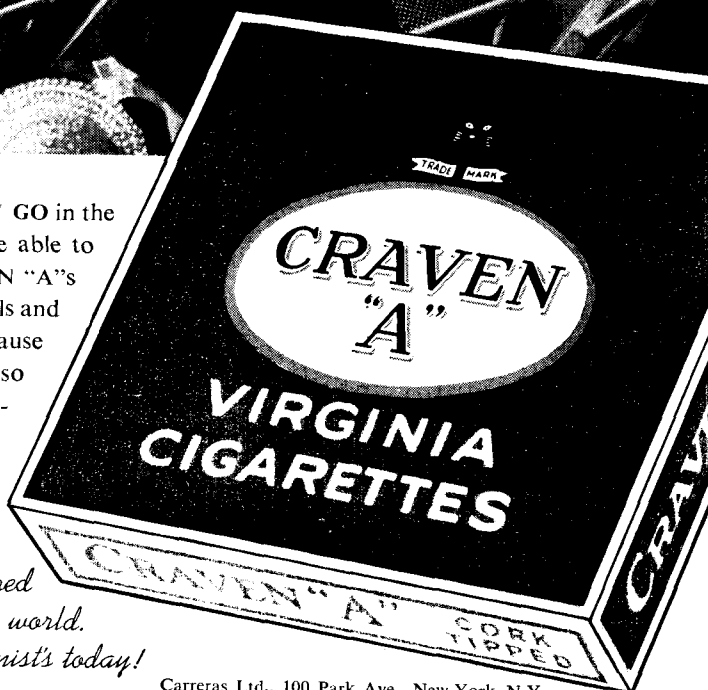
REPRISAL, by Arthur Gordon (Simon & Schuster). A story about the consequences of a lynching on a small Southern town. Mr. Gordon's cast includes a young Negro trying to avenge the death of his wife, a New York magazine writer looking for a story, and a number of local people, white and black, representing various degrees of feeling. The story has several painful twists and a wry, indeterminate ending, but the writing, though honest, is too wooden to achieve more than a general effect of detached indignation. The Literary Guild selection for September.

THE MAN WHO LIVED BACKWARD, by Malcolm Ross (Farrar, Straus). A novel, cast in the form of a personal journal, about a man named Mark Selby, who was born in 1940 and died in 1865. Because the author takes advantage of many of the fictional and historical opportunities presented by this unorthodox situation, Selby shapes up, perhaps inevitably, more as a cardboard commentator than as a man. While his views on such matters as war, the changes



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in the American economic scene, and the merits of Walt Whitman are entertainingly set down, they are at times more than a little befuddling, as is his account of the difficulties attendant on being married to a young lady with a more conventional type of life span—a subject that was handled with a good deal more finesse, incidentally, by the late Scott Fitzgerald, in short-story form.

THE THOUSAND DEATHS OF MR. SMALL, by Gerald Kersh (Doubleday). Mr. Small is a miserable little Englishman, not very young. He is tormented by memories of his mother and by the presence of his wife. Furthermore, his employer, Sir Solomon Schwartz, despises him. Mr. Kersh also despises him, but mistakenly thinks him worth a very long book, written in a gray, fizzy prose that is neither diverting nor beautiful.

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST, by Nathanael West (New Directions). Mr. West's book about Hollywood people, still brilliant, exact, and wild, has just been reissued, with a long introduction by Richard Gehman.

GENERAL

THE UNBROKEN THREAD, by Viscount Templewood (Knopf). In this volume of reminiscence, the erstwhile Sir Samuel Hoare traces the line of his ancestry with a loving finger and an urbane literary style, touching on his own career only in passing. Viscount Templewood derives from a family of Quaker bankers who in the eighteenth century moved from Ireland to England, where they engaged themselves, when not occupied in the counting house, in a prodigious slaughter of the wildlife around Norfolk. Despite his seventy years, the present Samuel—he is the sixth to bear the name—still carries on that part of the family tradition with undiminished energy. An important part of this memoir is devoted to the game book in which the Hoares have recorded the daily bag since 1811 (on good days, the total used to be around a thousand birds) and jotted down random observations on the migratory and other habits of their feathered friends. Incidentally, the current keeper of the book reveals a collateral interest in bird-watching and ornithology. All in all, a leisurely excursion into what was a most pleasant past for the Hoares, if not for the birds.

NEW STAR IN THE NEAR EAST, by Kenneth W. Bilby (Doubleday). A

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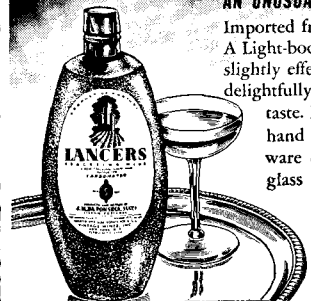


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full account of the struggle for Palestine and the founding of the state of Israel, by a former Near East correspondent for the *Herald Tribune*. Mr. Bilby, a crisp and observant writer, takes no sides; he admires the pioneering Jews but doesn't hesitate to criticize when he thinks criticism is due, which he thinks it is on the score of diplomatic hypocrisy. He is also sympathetic to the Arabs, and gives fair space to their point of view. He believes that Israel has a good chance of ultimately becoming a sort of Near East Switzerland, and that the example of a vigorous and intelligently run little country in that part of the world would be of great benefit to its less enterprising neighbors. He also considers a renewal of Arab-Jewish hostilities quite likely, since the Arabs are by no means reconciled to their recent defeat. One of his main recommendations is that Israel stop playing the precocious, pugnacious infant, and get off the front pages for at least a year and work on a peaceful solution to its problems with its neighbors.

JOURNAL IN THE NIGHT, by Theodor Haecker, edited by Alexander Dru (Pantheon). A translation, with a long critical and biographical introduction, of this secret, anti-Nazi wartime journal of the German Catholic Existentialist thinker, who died in 1945. Haecker wrote *pensées* after the manner of Pascal (the editor also compares him with Péguy, Burckhardt, Coleridge, Newman, and practically everyone else), some of them pointed and some platitudinous. The book seems, however, less the classic of contemplative theology it is heralded as than a sharp picture of the state of enlightened German thought during the war years, in its best aspects (the touching note of thankfulness to God when the British are saved at Dunkirk, for example) as well as in its worst (the strain of philosophical anti-Semitism that runs throughout).

BERTRAND RUSSELL, by H. W. Leggett (Philosophical Library). A series of photographs of Earl Russell, following him from infancy to old age, together with a biographical text in which Russell's sometimes untrammelled theories on education, mathematics, war, politics, philosophy, morality, and, of course, sex and marriage are briefly expounded in popular language. It is a curious book and at first glance seems to throw a rather exhibitionistic light on its subject, but



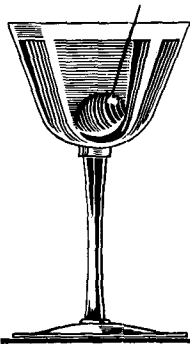
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it is also surprisingly interesting and, despite the author's close friendship for Russell, whom he ranks with Shaw and H. G. Wells as one of the most influential Englishmen of his generation, not at all uncritical.

FLEMISH ARTISTS OF THE VALOIS COURTS, by Ruth Massey Tovell (University of Toronto Press). Though this book deals with a fairly specialized subject—the work of the Flemish miniaturists and court painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—the author's grasp of her material and the robust magnificence of the period itself combine to give it a general appeal. Mrs. Tovell has a great deal to say about the fabulous Duke of Berry and other famous patrons and collectors of the Middle Ages, and even more about little-known artists, like Melchior Broederlam, who, as court painter to the Duke of Burgundy, "supervised the decorating of a thousand pennons" for a fête. She provides a vast amount of carefully documented information about the artistic production of the epoch, including those illuminated Books of Hours that are among the period's most fascinating treasures. There are eleven full-page color plates and forty-nine halftones, all beautifully printed.

PAINTING IN FRANCE, 1895-1949, by Gualtieri di San Lazzaro, translated by Baptista Gilliat-Smith and Bernard Wall (Philosophical Library). This book suffers a bit from the fact that the illustrations, though fairly plentiful (there are thirty-eight full-page halftones), were not printed quite as well as they might have been. Otherwise, it is about the best survey of the development of modern French painting that has appeared in some time. Mr. di San Lazzaro is not unbiassed, and some of his opinions on such men as Soutine and Severini may not be acceptable to all. But he has been intimately connected with the French art movement for at least a quarter of a century, both as a critic and as a connoisseur, and the insight this has given him, together with his lively and allusive style, makes his book both authoritative and wonderfully readable.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CAT AND MOUSE, by Christianna Brand (Knopf). Prompted by a mild curiosity, Tinka Jones, an ex-newspaper girl, spends a few days in a sinister household in Wales, and wishes she hadn't before the first night is out,

for she is drugged, tied up, and visited by a most alarming monster. Smelling any number of rats, our heroine accepts the aid of a playful Welsh police inspector and emerges in one piece. This one is irritating, amusing, and really unnerving.

DEATH OF A FELLOW TRAVELER, by Delano Ames (Rinehart). Dagobert and Jane Brown, that determinedly zany pair, decide somewhat arbitrarily to hunt spies in the small Cornish village of Gwink. The only suspicious character they can find is a young man with a limp and a pair of harlequin Great Danes, but before the Browns have a chance to do any probing, the young man falls or is pushed off a cliff. He proves to have been a writer of lurid and unsalable fiction who went in for blackmail and rape in his lighter moments. A film director, in the village on location with his charming star, might have done it, or *she* might. So, indeed, might the young proprietress of the village inn, or her jealous fiancé, or the dead man's sister or brother-in-law. A little too coy for comfort.

THE DROWNING POOL, by John Ross Macdonald (Knopf). About a dashing detective and a lady who is getting poison-pen letters from, she suspects, her mother-in-law. The members of her household are odd and not especially attractive: the lady herself, who seems far too intimate with the chief of police, an effeminate husband, an adolescent daughter who reads Karen Horney and is being pursued by the chauffeur, and the mother-in-law. This last party is found drowned in a swimming pool, and from then on the plot is as hard to follow as one of Hammett's earlier masterpieces. It has quite a lot of the same quality of irrational excitement and depthless depravity, too.

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[From the Roanoke (Va.) Times]

Radio advertising—through its unique use of the spoken word—has bounded over printed publications to the position most appealing to the modern consumer, according to a young radio executive.

Maurice B. Mitchell, director of Broadcast Advertising for the National Association of Broadcasters, quoted a recent survey to a meeting of the Advertising Club last night at Hotel Roanoke to prove that American teen-agers now devote seven minutes a day to reading, as compared to 58 minutes for adults.

He said he was proud to be part of this "advance of civilization."



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